THE BYSTANDER
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FEBRUARY 15, 1933

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The BYSTANDER

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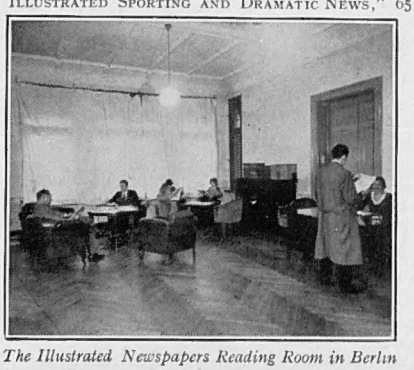

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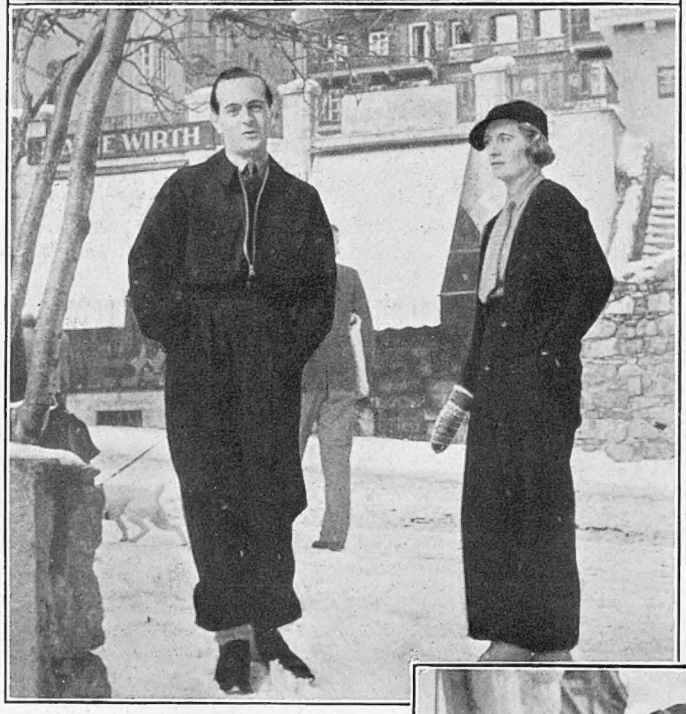
The BYSTANDER

The FACE and the FLOWER

Peter North

No. 5.—Miss Margaret Whigham

Orchids are our choice as the flowers that best express Miss Margaret Whigham's type of beauty. And so they do, although she herself has chosen jasmine as the motif for the pearl embroideries on her white satin wedding dress. She and Mr. Charles Sweeny are being married next Tuesday, at the Brompton Oratory



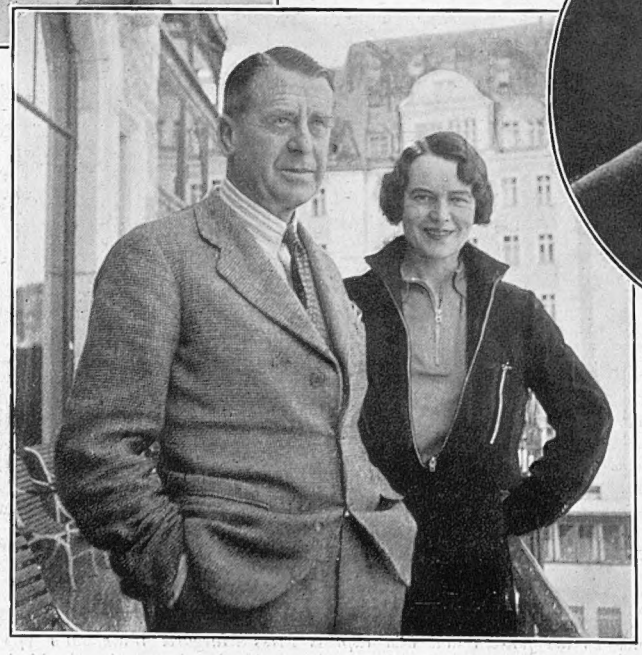
Top left: Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Garthwaite outside the Palace Hotel. Mr. "Bill" Garthwaite is a ski-ing star; Mrs. Garthwaite, who is Lord Duveen's daughter, is a good watcher

Above: Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Hutchinson are two more inmates of the Palace, and at this moment were on their way to do some shopping

Left: Mrs. Bertie Stern, one of St. Moritz's best-dressers, and Mrs. Gray Horton lunching in the sunshine outside the Corviglia Club

Below: two casualties, though not serious ones, have been the Hon. Charles Baillie-Hamilton, who hurt his knee ski-ing, and the Hon. John Bingham

Above: Lady Prudence Pelham in the lounge of Suvretta House, gathering strength before going out to have her ski-ing lesson



Left: outside the Palace, waiting for the thaw to stop and the snow to start again: Wing-Commander and Mrs. E. G. Oakley Beuttler

Actors and Audience

On the St. Moritz Stage

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

WELL, we have been having a look round Paris, and provided one knows where to look, one can see a lot of amusing things and people. At the Ritz we saw the tall and unmistakable figure of Lady Juliet Duff. We also saw Mr. Gordon Selfridge arrive. Lord Poulett and Mrs. Marshall Field were due the day we left; and, of course, wherever one went there were English buyers—over for the dress shows.

AT the Ritz bar we saw our Madge Garland, who said that she had gone to the Chicago Inn, where Jack Johnson is usually to be seen, and there had ordered porridge and cream. This seems to us to be one of the bravest things ever done in a Paris boite after midnight, but she seemed to think nothing of it.

FORTUNATELY we soon got in touch with Maurice Dekobra, and went up to his apartment in the Rue Freycinet, where he has the most original cocktail bar in the world. Leading out of it is an exact replica of a Pullman coach, and another of a berth on a yacht.

JUST behind the cocktail bar is a ship's wheel, which women guests must all spin once. Various sections of it are marked in French "Stoically," "Violently," "Coldly," "Diabolically," "Correctly," "Voluptuously," "And How." These are supposed to be the oracle of the way they are going to be loved. According to Maurice Dekobra, "Voluptuously" is the best one.

Right: Lady Stanley of Alderley and her baby daughter go out driving together for the first time. Lady Stanley, who married Lord Stanley of Alderley last year, is the second daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury

Mr. Robert Hoare, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Hoare's son, and Miss Oriel Susannah Wilson, eldest daughter of Colonel the Hon. Guy and Mrs. Wilson, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding last week

Below:

Lovelies of To-day and Beauties of Yesterday

At the private view of the Beautiful Women of the 19th Century Loan Exhibition, in aid of the War Service Legion, beauties of to-day and yesterday were brought face to face. Below are Countess Howe and her daughter, Lady Georgiana Curzon, on the left; in the centre, Lady Moira Combe and Mrs. Stewart Brown, and on the right, Lady Jowitt and Lady Dashwood, all at the Knoedler Galleries

OVER the entrance to the yacht berth is a skit on Rohan's famous motto, which was: "King I am not, Prince I do not wish to be, Rohan I am." This one reads: "Drunk I cannot be, to drink I do not deign, so I make others tipsy." Oh, yes, there is also an inscription on the walls of the bar, which says, "It is forbidden to tickle the pilot along the ribs," which is a pun on the word "côtes," which also means coast, of course. In the Pullman coach there is an alarm signal and a notice "Ladies only," together with another warning, "All tickets must be punched." Here I met Miss Jeanette Ferney, who is Dekobra's leading lady in his farce, *Why Don't You Marry, Mummie?* which is coming on next week at the Arts Theatre, in Paris

ONE of the most amusing places that Dekobra took me to was Gerny's Bar, in the Rue Porte Mahon. This is entirely French, and the two women singers out-Douglas Byng. Unfortunately for English visitors, who, as a matter of fact, are not welcomed here unless accompanied by Frenchmen, the slang is so terrific that it is impossible to understand more than a quarter of it.

WHOM else did I see? Well, there was Miss Doris Duke and the Aga Khan's wife's nurse's maid, staying at the Ritz, and at Montmartre I saw Dr. Roca, the Argentine Vice-President, the day before he came back to London and was met by that squadron of Life Guards under the Prince of Wales.

I DO not know how many of you have flown to and from Paris, as I did, in the new Silver Wing aeroplane of the Imperial Airways, but they are certainly quite remarkable. They actually serve you a hot lunch on the aeroplane. For the cautious it is perhaps good news that the pilots are paid overtime for arriving late, rather than being paid a bonus for arriving early. This means to say that there is not the slightest question of their trying to strain the aeroplane by doing record times. Both times when I flew all the seats, except three, were occupied. No wonder the Southern Railway has taken a financial interest in Imperial Airways. These new machines are as big an advance over the former type as the motor-coach of to-day has developed from the small char-à-banc of fifteen years ago.

BACK in London everyone seems to be watching with the greatest interest the strong bid for popularity that Ciro's is putting up. Extension night has been changed from Wednesdays to Tuesdays, so that the opposition of extension nights has been reduced very considerably. Last Tuesday any number of Embassyites turned up. One saw Lady Bridget Poulett, Lady Weymouth and her husband, who looks so much like a taller and older edition of Lord Jersey, the Grand Duke Dmitri, to whom Lady Milbanke curtseyed very prettily and properly as he kissed her hand, the Countess Bosdari, and many others.

THERE was also a girl who wore short white kid gloves with her evening dress—a truly remarkable fashion. Miss Frances Maddux sang a number of songs, including "Night and Day" from the American play, *Gay Divorce*, and "Take a Good Night's Rest," which has a very witty lyric. Incidentally, as one looked down the prices of the menu at Ciro's, one realised how very much less expensive London is than Paris.

TO cross the Channel once more for a moment, the Riviera is becoming truly royal. The King of Sweden arrived at Nice on Friday, and the King of Denmark at Cannes on Thursday. He is going to take part in the Regatta, sailing in the six-metre class. At Monte Carlo, where Lady Anne Wellesley and Mr. David Rhys will go for the greater part of their honeymoon, a number of English visitors are enjoying themselves. Lady Cecil Douglas, who helped to form Pug's Club, Lady Portman, and Lady Windham are among the English contingent.

MISS WHIGHAM was at the Café de Paris the other night in a party. She was wearing a very pretty black dress. One hardly ever sees her in black, which is a pity, because it is most becoming to her. On this occasion Mrs. Philip Kindersley was also in black. At a distance both dresses looked as if they were a copy of the same model. At a few tables away, Lord and Lady Brecknock were with another party. Lady Brecknock was wearing her favourite type of evening dress—a pale pink beaded dress with a jacket to match.

Bassano

Right:
Miss Angela Brett

Zena Dare's attractive daughter, who is so like her mother, will be one of Miss Margaret Whigham's bridesmaids at her wedding to Mr. Charles Sweeny next Thursday

Swaebe

Miss Baba Beaton, whose fiancé, Mr. Alec Hambro, has just gone off to a job abroad for a year, was having supper at the Café de Paris in the same party as Mr. Peter Clifton

Dr. Jal Pavry, Miss Bapsy Pavry, Embassy when the St. George's Hospital a tea-party afterwards. The Ball, at

Swaebe

Two parties that caught the camera's eye at the Café de Paris last week: on the left are Mrs. Jack Coats and Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Rutherford, and on the right, Miss Molly Vaughan and Lady Bridget Poulett are with Mr. Peter Willes and Mr. P. Waddington

THE Café de Paris was absolutely jammed that night, and the floor space between Jack Harris's band and the front row of tables could not have been more than five feet at the most. The balcony was also full up. Lady Violet Pakenham was there with a party. She tells me that her sister, Lady Mary Pakenham, has arrived in India, where she was met by her cousin, Mr. Randal Plunket.

DOUGLAS BYNG, who is singing there this week, was preceded by the Spanish dancer Lolita, who stood at the top of the stairs for a good five minutes before her entrance, stamping her diminutive feet on a piece of paper covered with French chalk, making eyes at her various friends, and, just before she started down the stairs, crossing herself most piously. Just before Douglas Byng came on, Marion Harris arrived with a party, and Frances Maddux dashed over from Ciro's to hear the last part of his turn.

IT looks as though débutantes this year are not going to be seen so much in the restaurants as last year. Clare Lady Cowley has decided to give a number of dinner parties for her daughter, Lady Diana Wellesley, and friends, at which they will play contract bridge afterwards. This will both be useful for them when they are married, and will also prevent them being seen quite so much in public. It is curious how débutantes and ex-débutantes are at last beginning to realise what the old-time actress always knew—that they lose a lot of their glamour if seen too much in public, and that a certain amount of private life is a paying as well as a pleasant thing.

Right: Lady Rosebery was one of the people who went up to Altcar for the Waterloo Cup Meeting last week, and was photographed while watching one of the early rounds for the Cup

and the Hon. Mrs. Somerset Maxwell at the Bi-Centenary Ball Committee met there and had which Prince George will be present, is on the 23rd

Mr. James Cameron Clark and Lady Irene Cubitt, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Camden, leaving the Savoy Chapel after their wedding there last Thursday

Outside St. Margaret's, Westminster, after Mr. Robert Hoare and Miss Susan Wilson were married: Miss Hanson and the Hon. Vanda Vivian, who was one of the five grown-up bridesmaids

You can't keep Golden Miller and Insurance out of the news, but, for the sake of his future, I hope Briscoe will keep the former out of the National. Until we saw his triumph at Lingfield under the gigantic weight of 12 st. 10 lb., few of us really appreciated what a good horse he is.

It would be a thousand pities to spoil this great horse in the making for the sake of being patient for another year. Golden Miller is only a six-year-old, and although he may make light of carrying 12 st. 10 lb. round a Park course, an attempt to shoulder 12 st. 2 lb. at Aintree might easily ruin him.

Golden Miller's Lingfield performance was by far the finest of his career. It is especially gratifying to be able to chronicle the deeds of at least one good horse, because never can I remember a time when the standard of our steeplechasers and hurdlers was lower.

Insurance's effort was not quite so happy, though he beat all save Song of Essex, who, now that he has settled down and doesn't pull so hard, is a very useful horse. Insurance jumped his hurdles as if he was expecting to find an open ditch on one side and a water jump on the other, obviously remembering his two efforts over fences. Next time they meet, however, and Briscoe has assured him that they 're only hurdles, I shall expect him to turn the tables.

These two are obviously our best hurdlers, but unless I have spent several unprofitable Sundays at Auteuil, I think I could name at least four Frenchmen who are a good 10 lb. in front of either of them.

There 's nothing like a little forced abstention to make one appreciate the good things of life, and it was grand to be at Sandown and Lingfield again. One was pleased to see even the people one normally dislikes intensely.

The three people I should most like to see win the National are Colonel "Dick" Thorold, "Rattle" Barrett, and Frank Morgan.

The first-named owns half Coup de Chapeau; "Rattle" trains Annandale and The Ace II.; while Morgan trains Remus, so there is a distinct possibility. If either of these *did* happen to win, what a party there 'd be!

While lots of trainers were grumbling, and their horses standing in their boxes getting "pig" fat, Major Barrett improved the "freezing" hours by taking his horses to the sea and galloping them on the sands. His enterprise was rewarded, as The Ace II., obviously the fittest horse in the field, won

Two at a Midland race-meeting last week: Miss Bibby and Miss Greenwell watching the 'chasing' at Warwick

The Hon. Dorothy Paget, in her big coat and carrying her newspapers, talking to Mrs. Foster in the paddock at Lingfield

Miss L. Hargreave, Mr. F. Furlong, Miss R. Bainbridge, and Miss M. Hayward Jones were among the "goers" to the Warwick meeting

"If you can't speak nicely of the Albert Memorial, don't say anything"

A Racing Reverie

Popular Trainers

By "Regular"

Above: Duplicator leads over the open ditch the second time round, in the Orpington Steeplechase at Lingfield; he beat Hyppolytus, the favourite, easily

the Prince of Wales's Handicap 'Chase in a common canter.

COLONEL THOROLD, who is the best of good fellows, is, I think, the greatest racing enthusiast I have ever met, and he likes nothing better than for his numerous friends to participate in his "good things." He lives at Maisons-Laffitte most of the time, and when I lunched with him there a week or two ago, he told me that if Coup de Chapeau won, the whole town would be "tight" for a week.

EVERYBODY knows Frank Morgan, and everybody likes him. His Christian name suits him down to the ground, for I have never known anyone more open about their horses. It was cruel luck for him that Remus broke down last year, when so well handicapped. "Never mind," he told me at Sandown; "he's better than ever this year, and he 'll win it, despite having an extra stone on his back."

Miss Rosemary Nevill and Miss Joan Marsham both ran a good line in checks at the Lingfield Meeting

FOR the benefit of those of my readers who go racing to catch the camera, and not to beat the book, please do not confuse Remus with the German horse, Remus IV., who has been scratched. To mix up the two Remuses is like confusing Flo with 'Flu.

MY pen-picture this week is of one Arthur Artfully—trainer of racehorses, known to thousands, by reason of a slight ocular blemish, as Round-the-Corner Artfully.

So far from proving a handicap to him in his profession, this physical defect has proved a wonderful asset. In the days before increasing corpulence put an end to his activities in the saddle, he was known as the jockey who never looked round—he had no need to.

NOWADAYS it enables him to see into the Stewards' luncheon-room, and note how much port 's been drunk, and if it 's safe to run a bye.

ARTFULLY reminds me of a boy who was at school with me—he always gets away with it. If I or any of the other boys were discovered in the possession of cigarette cards, it was the equivalent to the police finding a jemmy on a well-known burglar; this boy, however, once lit a cigarette in the class-room, and the master thought it was some workmen who were mending the roof.

OTHER trainers are called over the coals for not having a go first time out; Artfully has a hot favourite "hooked up" in front of the stands, and nobody says a word.

OCCASIONALLY a Steward, young enough still to cherish a few illusions about straight running, summons Artfully to the Stewards' Room and asks him a few questions. Artfully, in that straightforward way of his, looks at all the Stewards at once, and tells them that horses are not machines. The Stewards apologise, and the incident is closed.

OF all Artfully's numerous qualities, it is his patience with animals that I most admire. I can only compare it to the patience of the animal-trainers at the circus, who spend months teaching their charges one trick. Artfully has one horse in his stables which hasn't had a "pop" for two years.

Lady Abergavenny talking to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Urquhart at Lingfield. Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart were married last November

And three more who watched some National entries perform at Lingfield were Mrs. Leslie, Captain Byas, and Major Hawker Shepherd

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

Left: the Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Abingdon, and Lady Abingdon photographed at Naples, where they have been on a visit

Right: H.E. the Governor-General, the Earl of Clarendon, and Mr. Justice Watermeyer, President of the Western Province L.T.A., setting out to witness the third South Africa v. British Tourists Lawn Tennis Test Match

Sir Ronald Lindsay photographed at 10, Downing Street, where he was summoned to discuss with Members of the Cabinet the four-hours' talk on war debts he recently had with President-Elect Roosevelt

THE holidays are over; Members returned to Westminster last week, but I shouldn't like to say to work. The opinion is becoming increasingly common that Parliament is to-day nothing more than a rubber-stamp machine. Never can a Cabinet, even in the eighteenth century, have been more completely the rulers of the people. The representatives of the people count for nothing.

I BELIEVE the Back-Benchers are beginning to be disturbed by this situation. And, as always happens, it was the comparatively unimportant problem of Carlton House Terrace that awoke them to the position they were in.

MOREOVER, the delegation of authority to irresponsible bodies outside Parliament has gone too far, and must be stopped. Such is the belief of a number of Conservative Members, who intend, I understand, on every possible occasion henceforth to put this point of view as forcibly as they can.

THE B.B.C. has shocked a good many people of late. Is Sir Kingsley Wood any match for Sir John Reith? And the amiable collection of governors? They may propose, but there 's no question as to who disposes; though Mr. Ronald Norman is worth watching.

IF reports are true, Captain Margesson and his Whips are not going to have quite such an easy session as they supposed. But, of course, there are a good many penny-in-the-slot Members—the Party's perfect automatons.

THE big event of the present Session is the Budget, which will be introduced some time in April. Mr. Neville Chamberlain's future really depends upon it. He will try desperately hard to get the American Debt settled first. If he introduces another Budget like last year's, his hopes of ever leading the Conservative Party or of being Prime Minister will have disappeared.

WE shall have to listen, I imagine, to all our crank friends, as usual. The Budget debates for them are one long glorious field-day. Colonel Wedgwood, Mr. Mason, Mr. Waldron Smithers, Sir Arthur Michael Samuel will pour forth their beliefs as if they were all new and none of us had ever heard any of them before.

MR. MASON is heretical (*i.e.*, he favours an immediate return to the Gold Standard). Mr. Smithers is strictly orthodox (Baldwin and the Budget). Why don't they swop round this year?

THESE are the snipers. The big guns are Mr. Churchill, Sir Robert Horne, Mr. Lloyd George. Their speeches are nearly as important as the speeches of the Chairmen of the Banks.

IF any young M.P. has a future, we should be seeing the first growths of it now. Many of us formerly believed in Lord Lymington, but his "Mystery Craft" hasn't, I think, advanced his reputation. The resuscitation of a strong national spirit is not, surely, going to be the outcome of peek-a-boo business?

I HEAR that Lord Farnham's heir, Mr. Somerset Maxwell, has political ambitions, and if he hasn't already got one, is busily looking for a constituency. He should have no difficulty in finding one. Let him apply to the Conservative Central Office. I am sure they will do their best for him. Mr. Maxwell has the advantage of having married Miss Marshall Roberts, whose father owned some acres of New York. He has a further qualification in his own father, who is one of the fast-declining number of Irish representative Peers. He can have a run for his money, therefore, with no House of Lords looming ahead.

THERE are only eighteen Irish representative Peers left. Originally, there were twenty-eight. I suppose Lords Cavan and Lucan are the best-known. It is a blessing that the non-representative Peers may sit in the Commons, unlike those of Scotland, who mayn't. Otherwise, we should be without Lord Winterton, whose omission from the National Government is a continual reproach to Mr. Baldwin. He was seven years at the India Office, yet he is discarded unrewarded. Lord Winterton is, indubitably, an individualist.

ON all sides I hear golden opinions of Lord Trenchard's work at Scotland Yard. Some time ago there was an unpleasant crop of rumours about the police force. To-day, I should imagine, the number of discontents—there must always be some—is exceedingly small. Lord Trenchard "puts it across," although, to the outsider, he lacks just that indescribable something which "made" Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener. They are saying that Lord Byng cleaned London up, but it is Trenchard who has put the place straight again.

Below : Betty Findon (Celia Johnson) cross-examined by the detectives, Sergeant Brace (T. G. Saville) and Inspector Pember (George Merritt), called in to investigate the murder of Philip Sevilla, a dirty dog of low breeding, about to run away with Betty

Right : making murder appear suicide. Colin Derwent (Robert Douglas), after shooting Philip Sevilla (Anthony Ireland), places the gun in the dead man's hands. Below: Celia Johnson, who takes the only woman's part in Anthony Armstrong's ingenious and interesting murder play, where the interest is sustained although the audience do not have to guess "who did it"

Murder by Clockwork

"Ten-Minute Alibi," at the Haymarket Theatre

A SPORTFOLIO

But Mainly for Women

Right: Miss Jeanne Stuart, who is in "Road House," at the Whitehall Theatre, at Ham Common for polo practice

Lady Charles Cavendish gets into a good one on the Blackwater, at Careysville. She and Lord Charles Cavendish are on the spot for the best of Irish salmon fishing at Lismore Castle

Above: Mr. Reginald Farquhar, at the Belvoir Meet at Long Clawson, congratulated by Mrs. Colin Buist and Lord and Lady Fortescue before his marriage to Mrs. Gilbert Greenall

Left: Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson on the Riviera, where they have been playing in the Gallia Club lawn tennis tournament, Cannes. Mrs. Rogerson is the late Mr. Solly Joel's daughter

Lorna, Countess Howe, with Bramshaw Bob, and the trophy which he won, after he had been declared Champion of Cruft's Dog Show last week

Hors d'Œuvres:

By "Caviare"

ONE of the "chic-est" mothers of a "grown-up" is Mrs. Jack Paget, the fascinating French wife of Major Paget, who owns Ibstock Place. She laughs at everything in a gay way and is always perfectly dressed. Her daughter, Winifred, whose diet has always been the subject of much newspaper comment, is a very nice girl.

THERE are a lot of very eligible "once-marrieds" for our 1933 débutantes, ex-debs, and ex-marrieds to choose from, chief among them, Lord Ratendone and Lord Dudley. Lord Dudley is dark and good-looking, with a big laugh. He has a charming house in London, in Green Street—that aristocratic thoroughfare which also houses the Princess Royal, the Duke of Sutherland, and Marjorie, Lady Nunburnholme.

"TO be or not to be?" That is the question which is puzzling "married Mayfair," and the tall lady in question, who speaks well.

THE best young men dancers in London are Captain D'Arcy Rutherford—he is not very, very young, but he still wins the prize; Mr. Tony Havelock-Allen, who is a perfect partner; and Mr. Antony Acton, who has got married fairly recently. Among the a-little-older brigade, the most devoted dancers are the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Mount Temple, who love a nice-bit-o'-jazz.

A LOVELY blonde is aiming higher and higher. The broken-hearted float away.

ONE of the best-looking couples about are Sir Gerald and Lady Fiona Fuller. He is tall, fair-complexioned, golden-haired, and altogether most heroesque. She is oval-faced, dark-haired, lovely large-eyed, and very sweet. Yes, they are very happy.

NO one enjoys fancy dress more than Sir Frank and Lady Newnes, but then, no one takes more trouble to see that every detail is correct. Lady Newnes acts cleverly and she is also a capable organiser. Sir Frank's best rôle is Napoleon, and his make-up for that part is excellent.

WE are always making personal remarks about the women—"that dreadful, impertinent article!"—so why not the men? Sir Dennistoun Burney is getting bald; Captain Victor Gordon Lennox looks very thin and very happy; Lord Grenfell has deep-set eyes; Sir Oliver Duncan has a "pleased-to-meet-you" manner.

A JUST-GREY-HAIRED one looks radiant when dancing. Is the reason tall and good-looking?

THE smartest-dressed head of all the lovelies is Joan Barry's. Her curls rise or fall, her waves are large or small. She changes the style but looks divine, whatever her choice. And never a hair out of place. Other stars in their courses, please note.

Right: the latest from Paris of Mr. Quintin Gilbey and Mrs. R. M. Drury-Lowe, who were married there last Saturday

Below: Mr. John Mason and Miss Diana Coventry, who are being married on the 28th at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Lady Dorothy Lygon is to be one of the eight bridesmaids, who will be dressed all in red and white

Fiancé and Fiancée

In Paris

THINGS I would like to know—

What an ex-deb thinks of her sister's vicissitudes.

What an ex-M.P. intends.

What a fair young man thinks of his titled wife.

MRS. STANDISH dances in a mobile, eager manner. She is gay and attractive; Miss Katherine Horlick dances well and with dignity; the Countess Bosdari dances wistfully and rather stiffly.

MR. RODNEY SOHER prefers his yacht to the attractions of Mayfair, however fair, and spends most of his time afloat. Will he, I wonder, find a wife who likes that sort of life?—as Tito Wessel has, who sails round the world with his family (or some of them) aboard.

CLOTHES notes—

Lady Dunham wears her hats "fair and square" over her forehead.

Mrs. "Brownie" Hollway wears straight and very tight satins.

Lady Milford Haven has a short, "old-maidish," red brocade coatee.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's hair will not always lie as sleek as her sister's, Lady Furness.

A CERTAIN "married" is making resolutions to be more careful in future when speaking of a "lovely" we all know.

WE seem to have sent radiant English beauty to all corners of the world at the moment. Lady Dunn, large-eyed, film star, hostess, and so lovely, has gone to Madeira; Miss Katherine Horlick, mysteriously beautiful, has arrived in Egypt; Lady Smiley—yes, I do mean our Nancy—has been a great success in New York, en route for Honolulu.

A MOTHER who lives 'just out of town" is anxious to know the intentions of a young and noble and rich visitor to their "little place."

ANNA MAY WONG has an unforgettable charm, and her mouth is the most original thing about her. Dorothy Hyson's originality lies in her eyebrows and her unusual colouring. Betty Stockfield has not a very striking feature, but she is a bright, colourful person. Jeanette Macdonald has eyes—great big, overwhelming eyes!

A ROW over the telephone has changed two cooing voices into acid tones. What is this thing called Love?

THE most attractive ensemble of the week is Miss Eileen Brougham, in white lace, dancing with tiny feet.

IN answer to thousands of anxious correspondents, I am able to state that Mr. George Bernard Shaw is not (at present) a contributor to this page.

C

At the Theatre

Brisbane to Bordeaux : the Obvious and the Obscure

"A Bit of a Test"

EVEN things like Larwood's boots don't make cricket funny. Peculiar, if you like ; even sad, at times, as when rain stops play or Hearne takes three hours to make fifty. Mysterious, too, being one of the Enigmas-of-Empire, along with cold baths, draughty houses, roast beef, and sunstroke. Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the mid-day sun. Stinging the fingers with a hard ball is part of that legend of lunacy encouraged by Providence for the world's welfare. Funny ? I ask you !

But here comes Ben Travers with his little lot, meaning the Aldwych old gang, intent on turning an Act of God into a joke. And, in spite of a quiet first Act (surely no locale could be more forbidding than a cricket pavilion !) he very nearly gets away with it.

IT was a topical master-stroke to make J. Robertson Hare the harassed skipper of the M.C.C. team in Australia and Ralph Lynn the irresponsible star batsman, with an undisciplined eye, of course, for a pretty girl.

Act 2 transports us to the pretty girl's lonely ranch in the bush, where a strenuous contest is waged between the not-outs and a tough gang of burglars. This rough-and-tumble is brisk, if automatic, slapstick.

Act 3 reverts to the dressing-room, where everybody tells lies about smashed motor-cars, stolen jewels, and assaulted policemen, and a detective almost delays the start of the day's play. Messrs. Hare and Lynn are undefeated at the close, after the liveliest of knocks, and Renée Gadd makes a charming and efficient substitute for Winifred Shotter. Mary Brough, in pyjamas, riding boots, and what-not, is in rousing form.

Tom Walls—once more, alas !—did not bat.

"Doctor's Orders"

HARRY GRAHAM'S adaptation from the French of Louis Verneuil, that industrious farce-maker, is not quite what the doctor ordered, even if the prescription includes such a bonne-bouche as Yvonne Arnaud, playing with her usual surprised insouciance one of those neglected little wives who preserve their virtue through three Acts of temptation. One couldn't escape the conviction that the bogus doctor who, as the head of a gang of kidnappers, abducted her from the home comforts of Hampstead and held her up to ransom for £25,000, was a dull dog, and the first duty of a stage crook is to be gay, debonair, and amusing. Pitted against the Arnaud bombardment, where every shot is timed to a split second and every salvo is a direct hit, this thug should have swaggered like a Fairbanks and ogled like a Chevalier. Apart from being no swashbuckler, Mr. Massey is too intense and sensitive an actor for the obvious : his worried look seemed to betoken the wry despair of one who had searched his part for subtlety and drawn a blank.

Thanks in large measure to Miss Arnaud's unfailing charm and technique, laughter and the second Act are on friendly terms. But the cynical ending—another abduction, but this time without force—is as ponderous a piece of mechanism as the lady's opaque and complacent husband. Francis L. Sullivan is a quiet character-actor, with a flair for the sinister ; all he could do with this pompous nincompoop was to boom vigorously amid clouds of cigar-smoke. With wit and finesse to oil the machinery this comedy might have been a rapier instead of a robot. But adaptation—like casting—is a tricky business.

"Head-On Crash"

ALL through the six scenes (in the same half-lit baronial hall strewn with packing-cases) I fought down impatience, bewilderment and exasperation in the hope that Sir Barry Jackson's new author would justify himself and the magnificent cast who were using every artifice to quell the recurring coughing and the occasional titters.

Alas, Lawrence Miller and his *Head-On Crash* went down together in a tangled heap, obdurate to the last. It seemed like a case of deliberate suicide in heart-breaking isolation. The clouds of obscurity never lifted. Among the packing-cases, fragments of Tchekov and Barrie, chunks of atmosphere, and flashes of introspection groped their blind and obstinate way like lost chords in a Strange Orchestra.

Lolita Benevente, the Spanish Gypsy, who dances in "The Whitsun King," at the Coliseum, which has reopened as a home of ballet

The drunken, speed-crazy sensualist (W. Cronin Wilson) who had run down and killed his host's son in a motor accident, was dead.

The sinister Penelope (Flora Robson), who had deliberately brought him there as a sadistic joke, had confessed to the murder—reason unknown. The host (Cedric Hardwicke), who had shot him, after interminable talk, was drawing nearer to suicide. Jill (Gillian Lind), half-moonshine, half-wanton, and the father (Ralph Richardson) of Penelope's illegitimate child, were to mate at last. Penelope's evil spell was broken. The only humourist, a precious wit (Ernest Thesiger) lamenting honeymoon postcards from a divorced wife, had departed with bag and béret.

Fantastic candles only deepened the confusion. The author was talking to himself, and his asides held length but not direction. It is a long cry from Tchekov to Edgar Wallace. Try again, Mr. Miller, but choose your medium, stick to it, and keep to earth. In Cloudland the sublime is first cousin to the ridiculous.

"Richard of Bordeaux"

THE breath of life in the bones of truth. Miss Gordon Daviot has dotted all the i's and crossed all the t's of history. You can check up her story of Richard II. with the books and the encyclopædias—better leave Shakespeare out of it—and everything will be found to be in order.

If that merely suggests another of those conscientious costume plays which rake over the dead ashes of fourteenth-century passions and politics, let me not whisper the truth politely, but bellow it in your ear. This is not a period piece in modern language, but a human document, absorbing in its easy-flowing simplicity, taking no count of time. Gloucester, Lancaster, Arundel, Bolingbroke, De Vere—these are not the lay-figures of Wardour Street ; their plottings, prejudices, and personalities are as vital as if the Ireland of Richard's fall were the Ireland of De Valera's triumph.

As a succinct character-study the picture of Richard—his fits of childish temper, his extravagance and foppery, courage, vision and statesmanship, the change from uncle-ridden youth to determined autocrat, his love for his wife, Anne of Bohemia, victim of the plague, his cynical dignity in defeat ; his quick wit and capacity for friendship—is a triumph of outline devoid of melodramatic fireworks. As these complexities grow surely into a complete canvas, every stroke proclaims John Gielgud a master of temperamental portraiture ; an actor of the finest calibre. It is a magnificent performance. Gwen ffrangçon-Davies matches its quality with an exquisite miniature of Anne. The domestic scenes are beautifully done and the team work of a strong cast is splendid. This is a lovely play : and the producer is John Gielgud.

TRINCULO.

The philandering flanneled fool, Dandy Stratton (Ralph Lynn), introduces his latest conquest, Sylvia Dale (Renée Gadd), to his skipper, Gussie Pogson (Robertson Hare), a slow bowler and slower thinker, complete with Harlequin hat and bath towel

The rescue party, including Mrs. Rusby (Mary Brough), who, most unfortunately, performs her equestrian exploits off-stage

To the evident relief of Dandy Stratton (Ralph Lynn), Superintendent Parker (Charles Farrell), seated next to him, is unable to get any sense out of Old Dale (Gordon James). P.C. Peek (Hyde White) is attempting to indicate to his chief that play is about to start

The bandits, Schneider (E. Louis Bradfield), Peters (William Collins), and Ben Craggs (Frederick Burtwell), attempt a little terrorising, but, obviously gaining confidence from his M.C.C. tie, Gussie Pogson remains unmoved and exhorts the gunmen, with but ill-success, to "Come, come, play the game!"

"A Bit of a Test," at the Aldwych Theatre

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

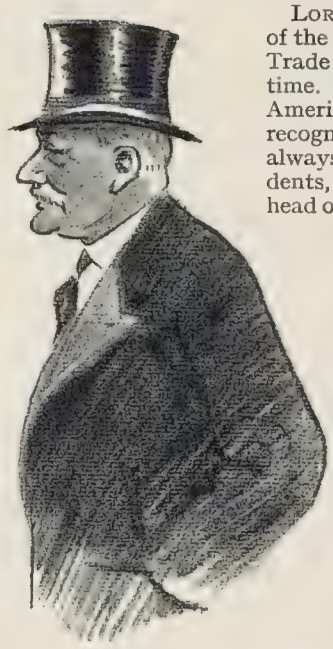
Chatter by "Junk": Caricatures by "Jonk"

Mr. "Peter" Kennedy
A Toy-Motorist

THE whereabouts of flies in the winter and Mr. Bertram Mills's Circus in the summer are obscure, but everyone knows where the "Circus" in the Stock Exchange has been of late. They are back in the Kaffir market—those itinerant jobbers who have no market of their own, but go where business is and make their books by the regulars in whichever part of the House they are visiting. They were originally "the Kaffir Circus," but went dirt-track racing when the popularity of that sport was booming. They then followed the gold rush to the "Jungle," as the West African market is called, when trade was good there, and now they have once more moved south to their old haunts.

WHAT with the Circus and all the other dealers who are in on this Kaffir business, that market has been such a seething mass of humanity that "Jonk" has felt it more than his life was worth to struggle into it to draw any of the celebrities there. A man must have room for his pencil, after all. And, talking of crowds, the picture which appeared recently in one of the dailies of street dealing in gold shares was actually a photograph of the oil market when the boom was on there. But what of it? Only the locals could be amused over that little error.

SWITZERLAND has been luring its quota from the daily round in the House, and there are a certain number of bronzed faces about now, to cause envy and longing among the stay-at-homes. Captain "Jimmy" Coats and Captain "Jimmy" Tomkinson have both been out there. The former, who is with Vivian, Gray and Co., is one of the most energetic and amusing people in the House and out of it; his life is full of the most varied interests. He is one of the Cresta experts in Switzerland, and another of his sidelines, a speed substitute for the summer, has been outboard motor-boat racing. Captain J. E. Tomkinson is a member of the Stock Exchange Committee; he is perhaps best known as a first-class squash player, and he is also a member of that august body, the Bath Club Squash Committee.



Lord Faringdon
Knows all about trains

MR. S. A. P. KITCAT, the senior partner of Kitcat and Aitken, goes to Switzerland regularly for the Jackson Cup, which is the big event for curlers. Besides being an expert at this sport, he is well known as an all-round athlete. He is an old Gloucester cricketer, and played for England under W. G. Grace, and was a good performer at football and hockey as well. He knows all about gardening; in fact, like "Jimmy" Coats, he never finds time hang heavy on his hands for want of something to be interested in.

THERE are a good many speed-kings in the Stock Exchange, and one of them is "Peter" Kennedy, a partner in Kennedy and Robertson, who is so mechanically-minded that he probably took his first rattle to pieces and put it together again as some kind of an engine. He used to do a good deal of outboard motor-boat racing, too, but what is more original, he taught the world how to be a speed-king at home—in other words, he is the inventor of "miniature speedways," those small-scale motor-racing tracks on which the cars are electrically driven and steered. They have become amazingly popular, and seem to fascinate people like "Tim" Birkin and Kensington Moir, who took their training as drivers of full-size models. Tim Rose-Richards, another broker, is a very fine miniature-track driver, which goes to prove that to excel in miniature it is a help to be expert at driving real cars. He is one of the best racing drivers in England, and was a member of the Talbot team who could always be counted on for reliability and good judgment during a race.

LORD FARINGDON has been one of the busiest members of the Stock Exchange lately, for the visit of the Argentine Trade Mission has been taking up a good deal of his time. He was largely responsible for introducing South America to the investing public in England, and is a recognised authority on Argentine railways. He has always been in close touch with all the Argentine Presidents, although he has never been out there himself. The head of Greenwood and Co. before its recent amalgamation with Cazenove and Akroyds, he is now the senior partner of the combined firms.

LORD FARINGDON'S connection with English railways is a long one, too. He reorganised the derelict Sheffield Railway, was Chairman of the Great Central Railway, and when it was merged with the L.N.E.R., he became deputy-chairman of that firm. He is a man of tremendous energy and wide interests and experience. He was made Companion of Honour for his services in connection with Anglo-Scandinavian relations, and—as a matter of contrast—he was at one time a well-known and successful breeder of pedigree livestock.

Mr. S. A. P. Kitcat
Not a rolling stone

Huntin' Whoopee

A Party at Craven Lodge

Captain and Mrs. Oswald Battine's farewell dance at Craven Lodge was the party in question; below is the host (centre) with Sir Stephen Bull and the Hon. Mrs. George Spence

Mr. "Eddie" Tatham, the Hon. Mrs. Ian Campbell, Mr. Brassey, and Mr. Pat Anderson gather round a good-looking bottle at the Craven Lodge party, which kept all Melton out of bed till the small hours

Left: Mrs. Hecksher and the Hon. George Spencer, Lord Spencer's brother, were two of the two hundred and fifty guests

Above is Mrs. Charles Mills, who invariably proves that to look well and go well are almost the same thing up in Leicestershire

The Prince of Nepal photographed at supper at the party; he is one of the regulars of this season at Melton

Left: Mr. Sheffield and Miss Ulrica Thynne waiting for the cabaret to start, the star turn of which was a "local" hunter of the Hank-the-Mule variety, presented and put through its rather uncertain paces by General John Vaughan

4 a.m. Edition

Bats to the Wall

Sensational Incidents in Critical Test Match

EXCLUSIVE "BYSTANDER" CABLE

(Uncensored by the Colonial Office)

From our Special Correspondent with the M.C.C. team in Australia

"EDDIE" TATHAM

with supplementary telegrams from his special staff of expert colleagues, describing the play in detail

Close of Play: Police Clear the Ground

DAWN broke early over the gasworks on the morning of this Test Match to end all Test Matches; two sparrows chirped on the Town Hall; a slight breeze ruffled Verity's hair; Paynter sneezed; and Larwood and Allen developed their leg theories by paddling. They were heartily booed by a party of children and nursemaids.

A vast proportion of the huge crowd which flocked to watch the match came on foot; a vast proportion did not. A seagull flew slowly over Jardine's head; this was considered lucky.

A cuckoo laid an egg in Hammond's bed; this was considered unlucky. A cow walked slowly over the pitch during the night; this was considered unnecessary.

More trouble, due to the crumbling pitch, with Larwood's boots; a hectic incident in the dressing-room

Sutcliffe Nearly Run Out!

G. O. Allen at His Fastest

PLAY began late, as Jardine had to wait for the English papers to select his team; our men were much cheered, however, by a telegram from Mrs. Pawley, "Keep your tails up.—Tinko"; and one from the Prime Minister, on holiday at Lossiemouth, wishing them good luck and ordering himself two complete rests.

Jardine won the toss. This delighted the spectators, who booed for ten minutes.

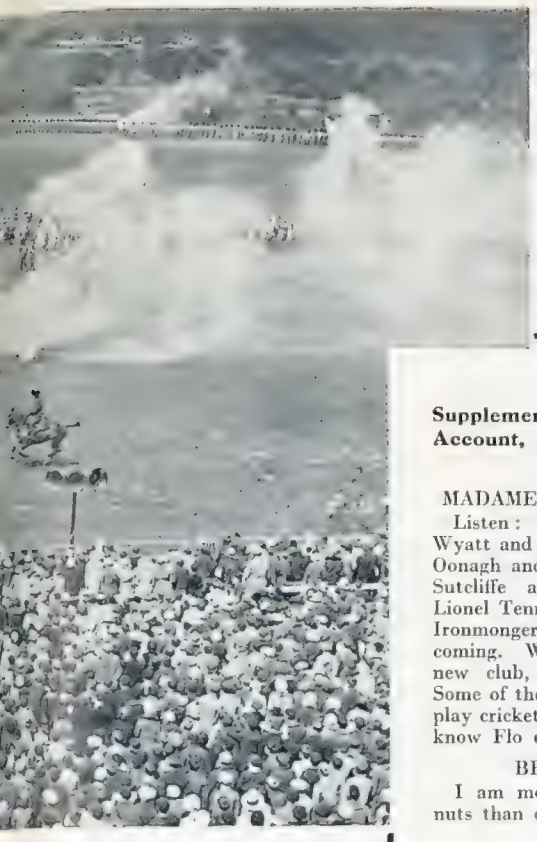
Tension ran high when it was discovered that someone had etched "I 'm a Bum" on Jardine's bat. Tea was served and tension ran lower.

The wicket was sweating, and on being dried with a towel, was found to be heavily under the influence of cocaine. Luckily, Geoffrey Gilbey was selling Bibles to the unemployed, the matter was reported to him, and he arranged a memorial service in the Cathedral.

WALL showed he was a more deceptive bowler with wind than without it, and bowled at a great pace with the wind behind him. He soon lowered Hammond's middle stump with a full toss, having laid a clever "off trap," with O'Reilly at silly point, Grimmett very silly point, Oldfield madcap mid-on, Richardson laughing water, Bradman daft deep, McCabe sloppy slips, Fingleton loopy leg, Woodfull at crazy corner.

AT Guinness time, the score was: eggs for breakfast, four for lunch, six for tea, and money for jam.

Everyone was on the edge of a volcano when it was discovered that Bradman had written an article, "How to be Breath-conscious yet Beautiful," in the local paper, *Rabbits, Cats and Cavies.*



The League of Nations was at once informed and is sending a stern postcard and Lord Lytton.

Tea was served, and a telegram received from Bunny Austin declaring a holy year. Larwood laid a leg-trap for Oldfield and bowled at his front leg ; Oldfield turned and flicked it with his hind leg through bow legs, off cork leg, up fine leg, down coy leg, past neat leg to fat leg. He was out, however, next ball, B.T.M.

DURING the lunch interval, Plum Warner asked Woodfull to go for a bicycle ride ; Woodfull said he hoped he would puncture, and that his rabbits would enjoy indifferent health. This froze Plum Warner's brain, but he thanked Woodfull for his apology and asked him to tea and chamber music. Woodfull said, "Apology my foot!" and hoped the buns would choke him.

This thawed Plum Warner's brain.

THE English mail arrived with the latest scores, and a letter to Tate from his wife enclosing a photo of Mrs. Tate rolling the lawn and the latest Tate baby cutting his first tooth. Allen heard from his old firm, Debenham's, that the store cat had had kittens. He was congratulated by both teams and received telegrams from Amy Johnson, Lady Mount Temple, and J. L. Garvin. After lunch, Larwood broke Ponsford's valuable stand, and after hitting Bradman three times on the back with rising deliveries, he tempted him with a swinger, which Bradman hit for a six into a woman's face in the pavilion ; she was created a Dame, canonised, and broken up for souvenirs ; the next over he made the ball jump, and Bradman had to concede him a maiden. Shortly after, however, Bradman sent a beautiful on-drive into a group of schoolgirls ; who were at once offered an important engagement on the music-halls. Larwood and Allen then developed foot trouble, and Tiz was served instead of tea.

At close of play England was "Something for Nothing," and Australia "All for Everything."

The Giant Score-Board at Brisbane

Special Cables

Supplementing Mr. Tatham's Eye-Witness Account, from "The Bystander's" Team of Special Correspondents.

MADAME ALFREDO DE PEÑA.

Listen : I 'm giving a party for Wyatt and Allen. They 're very rich. Oonagh and Phil, Leyland and Phyllis, Sutcliffe and the Ruthven twins, Lionel Tennyson, the Mayor of Deal, Ironmonger and Nina Seafield are all coming. We will go on to Michael's new club, "The Kind Kangaroo." Some of them think they are going to play cricket the next day. They don't know Flo de P.

BERNARD SHAW

I am more interested in monkey-nuts than cricket balls.

DEAN INGE

Dark clouds are gathering overhead, the wicket is cracking, the side is cracking, England is cracking, the world is cracking. Aren't we all?

MISS MARGARET WHIGHAM

This is a heavenly hotel. Fifty reporters staying here and most of them with huge cameras. One of them looks just like Charlie, and plays the mouth-organ divinely. Of course, the night-clubs aren't as good as the Embassy, and one misses Jackson, the Cat. There is a sort of local Eton and Harrow affair going on. I expect I shall go, though I haven't a rag to my back, my dear.

NOEL COWARD

My darling, it 's all rather wonderfully tremendous and terribly exciting to be out here and to feel one is English. Too soon the boat will sail and eleven men will say good-bye to eleven other men and whenever they meet, wherever they are, they will remember these wonderful nights and look into each other's eyes and murmur, "Como."

MR. JAMES DOUGLAS

Yesterday Grimmett bowled a maiden over. I ask all the clean, young manhood of England to realise this might have been their own sister. I would rather take prussic acid than let a son of mine do this to a daughter of yours. I call on the Mothers of England to call on the Fathers of England to help cut this canker from our midst. As I write, gazing on this vortex of sex, a lark is singing high in the heavens, its pure little breast burgeoning with innocent song.

"STEEL SHAFT'S" OPEN TELEGRAM

Dear Miss Middlestump.—Leave those loose balls alone.

THE HON. HAMISH ST. CLAIR ERSKINE

My dear, *how thrilling* about Jack and Jill! Of course, she always was utterly blowsy, but how she could run away with John—my dear! His pimples get ten for neatness! It 's heaven here at nights, but during the day 22 utterly bogus little drearies flap themselves into a frenzy over a *tiny* ball. Of course, I don't look, but you must admit it is a baby Gehennah. Cable me all the dirt.

"CAVIARE"

No, no, Tate—not a bow in your hair. No, no, Leyland—not black gloves.

I like Allen's body line, Ironmonger's tip-tilted nose, Mrs. Hobbs's red velvet tea-gown, and Larwood's twinkling toes.

What was the blonde left-handed bowler doing behind the pavilion ; and does the Brunette like them pitched or tossed ?

STOP PRESS

BOTH TEAMS used POND'S

FOUR out of every FIVE Runs were obtained on CASTROL

Barrackers Invading the Pitch

The Passing Picture Show

Thumbs Down, Screen Snobs!

The Lion's Share

By Sydney Tremayne

Herbert Marshall as the impoverished Austrian Count, turned professional dancer, guide to Vienna and, lastly, hotel-keeper, in "Evenings for Sale," with Sari Maritza, with whom his course of true love finally runs smooth

CAN snobbism kill a fine film? I do not think so. *The Sign of the Cross* is a picture to wallow in. Let yourself go. Enjoy the spectacle, the galloping horses, the lions, the gladiators, the tortures, and try not to be offended by the Beverley Hills vulgarity of the attempted Roman orgies. Be amused by Charles Laughton's fleshy, flabby Nero. It really is a grand picture in the old super-film manner; by far the best, if not the only one of its kind, since the advent of the "talkies."

Cecil B. de Mille has accomplished what he set out to do. *The Sign of the Cross* is grandiloquent, ridiculous at times, vast and crude and pretentious; it belongs to the period when "every picture told a story"; it has no subtlety and no intellectual appeal, but it is a tremendous technical achievement, and, in my opinion, it is the best "entertainment," pure and simple, which has been screened for the last five years.

AND the superior people are afraid to say that they are entertained! The critics have admitted as much. Someone, with a brow not too "villainously low," gloating over the illimitable Coliseum set, the fighting of the gladiators, the dwarfs and the barbarian women, the bears and the bull and the tigers, said that they felt as if they had been caught by the librarian of the Bodleian reading a serial in the *Family Herald*!

But this is the "stuff of which films are made." De Mille is one of the giants of the past, and it was his gargantuan conceptions and execution which *made* millions for the film industry.

MANY of the criticisms levelled against *The Sign of the Cross* are unfair and preconceived. It is not true that Marcus "makes a date" with his "baby." The American accent of some of the players is disturbing, but crude Americanisms have been avoided. Since it is impossible to reproduce the actual singing of the early Christians, the psalmic idiom is as close and suggestive as needs be, and de Mille's art and experience attain a smoothness and quickness of transition from "shots" of the horrors in the arena to those showing the reactions of the audience, which should be a lesson to directors and film-cutters who, with all their modern "technique," achieve only jerky fade-outs and fade-ins and swivelling camera-shots which interrupt the action and continuity of their pictures.

OF the individual performances, it may be said that Laughton, Roman nose and all, thoroughly enjoys himself as Nero, and his interpretation of the degenerate despot is eminently entertaining. Claudette Colbert, magnificently bedizened, as Poppæa, never achieves a modicum of the dignity of an Empress, or even of a great courtesan. All the scenes in which she appears are instantly reduced to tawdriness, pseudo-Hollywood stuff. Fredric March is severely handicapped for English audiences by his American accent, but his Marcus is the material of which heroes of romance are made, both physically and histrionically. He plays the Roman who resists the speak-easy overtures of his Empress and jeopardises his favour with the Emperor for love of the Christian girl, in the old His Majesty's Theatre tradition. He wields a whip, the reins of his chariot, and his apparent and caparisoned manhood with gusto and effect.

THE outstanding performance among all this grandiose and spectacular falsity is that of Elissa Landi. I have always thought her over-rated and inadequate, but in an extremely difficult part she manages to skirt the obvious pits of sentimentality and religiosity and present the essential, passionate purity of the Christian girl. For some obscure reason, the critics seem to have ignored what is really a very notable performance. She has a beauty and dignity of movement and tone which makes her, in this vast screen-scape, the only unit which is not eclipsed by multitude and magnitude.

FOR those who demand realism, and are not in a position to separate the real from the false in regard to costume and custom, there is at least one detail which should not escape them, and that is that the early Christians were all Jews!

From the Halls to the Screen

Nellie Wallace has made her first film, and here she is with Davy Burnaby in a typical scene. It is called "The Wishbone," and is a Sound City Production

THERE is a sort of pendulum-swing in film production. We have had our fill lately in screen presentation of modern phenomena: gangsters, prisons, and American fun fairs, such as *Central Park* and *Madison Square Garden*; then, abruptly, we are asked to contemplate the screen's scope in re-creating dead worlds: the glory that was Rome, in *The Sign of the Cross*; an historical sequence of American slumps, in *The Conquerors* (I think this is a dreadfully bad and boresome film); and *The Mummy*, which attempts to reconstruct Egyptian mysticism in terms of modern archæological discovery.

In the early sequences of *The Mummy*, some degree of superstitious horror is achieved. The shots showing life returning to the ghastly, mummified priest who was buried alive as a punishment for sacrilege, have an element of terror. This is chiefly to the credit of the make-up man and the acting of young Bramwell Fletcher. Afterwards, the film degenerates into pure rubbish and is not even redeemed by some ingenious Maskelyne and Devant effects. Poor Boris Karloff, as the living mummy, gives glimpses of underlying histrionic talent, but he has sold his soul, as an actor, to the devil of make-up in the same way that he gave up his birthright as an Englishman by taking such a ridiculous nom de guerre.

Some of the reconstructed three-thousand-year-old Egyptian "history" is quite ludicrous. Byron, as Sir Arthur Something of the British Museum, is painfully ill-cast and reveals all his laborious sincerity in a bad cause. David Manners ought to be given better parts. He has possibilities and is good-looking. Zita Johann can act: she was good in *Tiger Shark* with Robinson, and has a suitable intensity as the reincarnated priestess in *The Mummy*, but no actress could survive the wig and Houri get-up in which she is made to masquerade. This is imaginative unrealism at its very worst.

Evenings Out

At the Café de Paris

Miss M. Crossman and Mr. Henderson going in or coming out: anyway, they look pleased with their evening, whether it's to come or over

Above: Mr. and Mrs. J. Onslow Fane sit in the balcony, where plots are hatched and romances are observed going on below

Left: Miss Phoebe Houstoun - Boswall, who is one of the 1933 débutantes, and Mr. Alastair Balfour

Above: Lady Pamela Smith was with Lord Normanby; he succeeded to the title last year, and comes of age in July

Above: Miss Winifred Paget, Miss Georgina Saunders, and Mr. E. Bainbridge were three members of a big party at the Café de Paris

Right: four more of the large party who were supping and dancing together: Miss Barnard, Mr. Clive, Lady Anne Wellesley, and Mr. Dixon

Photographs by Swaebe

If Gossip We Must . . .

The King's Health—Fighting the 'Flu—Labour's Sunday Jaunt—Cricket Absurdities—A Manchester Snub—Taxi-Cab Trials

THERE is no foundation of any sort or kind for the rumour that an attack of influenza has delayed the return of the Court to London. The decision to remain at Sandringham was taken—I happen to know this on unimpeachable authority—simply as a measure of precaution, for there is no getting away from the fact that London is still a hot-bed of 'flu germs.

Always has there been a type of mind which prefers to spread bad rather than good news, finding the process more exciting. Such folk love to tell you, with a knowing wink, that any news issued to the public about important personages is a lie as a matter of course, and is intended to camouflage serious happenings of grave and tragic import.

THE fact of the matter is that his Majesty has been throughout the epidemic in excellent health. His medical advisers have wisely decided that he should take no chances.

He has been shooting well, and nearly every night, after dinner, plays a first-rate game of billiards.

THE Labour Procession to Hyde Park to protest against the Government attitude on Unemployment and other matters was singularly unimpressive and uneventful.

It is hardly fair to criticise it adversely on that account, since it is a case of the organisers getting it in the neck both ways. That is to say, the show is labelled a failure if it passes off, as it did, without incident, and there is an indignant hullabaloo about fostering revolution, and the rest of it, if there are scuffles and bloodshed.

It must be remembered that a large proportion of those who turn out on these occasions do so solely out of curiosity and in order to see a " bit o' rough stuff."

Some of the Communist contingent started to boo as they passed the big hotels in Piccadilly, on the steps of one of which I bought a copy of the *Daily Worker*—now a disappointingly dull organ. It used to be great fun. Even Lord Trenchard (with an umbrella) was hardly as warlike.

MOST of us have been fighting the 'flu, or warding it off, with whisky, taken, of course, I hasten to add, in due moderation.

The Prince of Wales is one of those who believe in this method. As a matter of fact, the Prince usually drinks whisky-and-soda with his meals, preferring it to tipple of a more apolaustic type.

Frequently have I seen his Royal Highness, both at public banquets and at such spots as the Embassy Club or Ciro's, choose the wine of Scotland rather than the wine of Gaul.

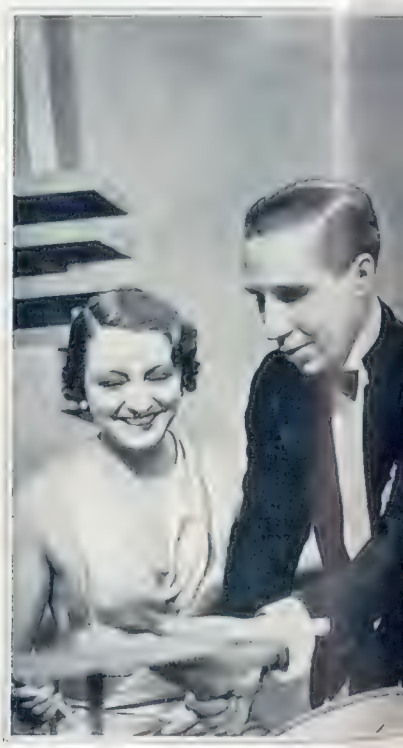
This (I refer to the custom and not to the spirit) has naturally had its influence, for whisky-and-soda has been steadily growing in fashion for a considerable time. Moreover, a crop of whisky cocktails are now making their appearance, other than the Manhattan, which in this respect had a solitary reign for years.

There are precious few cocktails which, as far as I am concerned, do not taste like medicine. But it is good to know that there is one of these medicines which is efficacious.

Although the film critics have not greeted Cecil "The Sign of the Cross" with hoots of the author, the late Wilson Barrett, would yet the general public are flocking to the which decadent Romans and delightful tuous settings, including Fredric March, really rather good, and Elissa Landi, as a who give a sentimental touch to the sensual

An English Actress Abroad

Diana Wynyard's birthday was celebrated at Hollywood by Harry Lachman, the Fox Film director, throwing a party in her honour. In this group taken there Jacques Feyder, French director, Mrs. Harry Lachman and Harry Lachman are standing at the back, while, seated, are Diana Wynyard, Maurice Chevalier and Anna May Wong



Mr. "Toby" Charlton, who is married to a band which is in great demand at Hunt giving an impromptu lesson to Jill the shooting of Gertrude Lawrence's new Mr. Charlton's band is appearing. The

B. de Mille's talkie version of approval, and the daughter of have liked to have stopped it, Carlton to see this film, in Christians figure in sumptheen above as a Roman, who is very commendable Christian, splendour that was Rome's

a sister of the Earl of Carrick, and directs Balls and society dances, is here seen Esmond and Laurence Olivier during film, "No Funny Business," in which shirt-sleeved director is Hanbury Williams

Yvonne Gregory

John Gielgud as Richard and Gwen ffrangcon-Davies as Anne of Bohemia in Gordon Daviot's historical play, "Richard of Bordeaux," which has been produced at the New Theatre and has received excellent notices. John Gielgud also produced

THE tact with which we manage our political ebullitions in Hyde Park ("the police are splendid") attracts the admiration of the rest of the civilised world and of America. But I fear this has been discounted by the Test Match pother.

One hesitates to imagine what the foreign observer must think when he opens a morning paper to find columns on a principal page devoted to an account of how the Cabinet is perturbed, meetings at Downing Street are being arranged, and Ministers recalled to London because — someone has been sending a cricket ball down a cricket pitch in a way that in some quarters meets with disapproval.

Of course, the thing is fantastic.

Is it possible, by the wildest stretch of imagination, to picture Spain calling her politicians together to meet in solemn conclave in Madrid because some pelota player has swung his arm too high or too low?

Bicycle-racing seems to be the national pastime in France nowadays. But do the French Premier and his Ministers make speeches in solemn conclave about the height of the handle-bars or the diameter of the back-wheel?

"Halt! Who goes there?"
"'Oo wants to know?"

CRICKET is a fine game to play, and plenty of people find legitimate pleasure in gazing at it (though here I am impelled to murmur, "Not for Joseph!").

But to make a national religion out of a national pastime is worse even than ridiculous.

I asked an acquaintance on the conclusion of the first Act of the new Aldwych farce, which is largely about cricket, what he thought of it. "Rather bad form," he remarked, with all sincerity. To such folk a comic stage-production of the Crucifixion—a favourite diversion of "our Russian comrades"—would seem in better taste than the sight of actors being funny in cricket flannels.

SIR HAMILTON HARTY'S resignation from the Hallé Orchestra of Manchester is Manchester's loss and London's gain. But Sir Hamilton, who would not be such a good conductor were he not an impetuous Irishman, has not the diplomatic touch. "I do not intend," he declared, in announcing his decision, "to bury myself for the rest of my life in Manchester."

Now, since Manchester has a heartfelt conviction that any non-Mancunian happening to reside there is, so far from enduring burial, enjoying promotion to the Elysian Fields, this is a little unfortunate.

Many years ago I, too, was "buried" for a while in Manchester. In presenting myself, by order, at the portals of a certain newspaper, I was asked by the rudest commissionaire in the world who I was and where I had come from.

Sunbathing on board ship is a popular pastime, and it can be enjoyed to the full on the "Bystander" cruise on board the Red Star Lapland, which sails from Tilbury for Madeira, Las Palmas, and Teneriffe on June 17th. Full particulars and fares can be obtained from the Red Star Line, 33, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or any travel agency

"I 'm from the Head Office," I replied.
"Oh," he said, "you mean t' Loondon bra-a-nch!"

LORD CASTLEROSSE is to be commended for his protest against the methods of the taxi-ranks at railway termini.

The autocrats who reign here are under no delusion that they are at the service of the public. The weary traveller, usually with a bag and unable to secure a porter, is not allowed to take the cab nearest to the railway carriage from which he has emerged. He is told to walk to the top of the rank, where he finds the cabs being snapped up rapidly. He then walks down the rank to find the cab he had attempted to enter engaged by somebody else.

Quite a frequent result is that he is left without a cab at all.

THE method of the portly Viscount—that is becoming as regular a journalistic label as the description of Dr. Johnson as "the great lexicographer"—is, he tells us, to enter the nearest cab, say "Me no spik Engleesh" in reply to protests, and await developments.

This has its points; but it involves telling a lie—and I don't see why one should trouble to tell lies, even to taxi-men.

"Pardon me, but do you happen to have a duplicate of the ten of hearts?"

MY method is simpler, and no less successful. I enter any cab I choose and say nothing. A torrent of expostulation from the driver. "Well, what are you going to do about it?" I ask. More expostulation.

The next step is to say, calmly but distinctly, "Look here, my lad. If you don't drive me at once to the address I give you without saying another word you will receive your legal fare and nothing more. If you make any attempt to lay a finger on me or to turn me out, we will go to Charing Cross Hospital—and it will not be you who will drive the cab, for you will not be in a condition to drive anything."

This has worked more than once and is enormously effective. It is not heroism but just common sense. Of course, the man who pays for a taxi should be allowed to choose the one he fancies. This is the rule in France, for the French are a logical people.

What would a customer in a fish-shop say if he were not allowed to buy the lobster he wanted to buy, but the one that happened to be first on the slab?

ODES OF ENVY

No. 11.—The Policeman

(After the Sergeant's Song in "The Pirates of Penzance.")

THOUGH the felon 's still engaged in his employment—
His employment
And the smash-and-grab thief carries out his plans—
Out his plans,
His capacity for spying on enjoyment—
On enjoyment
Is quite as great as any Puritan's—
Puritan's.
In his evening-dress you 'll find him oft parading—
Oft parading
When constabulary duty 's to be done—
To be done
And with champagne suppers ere he starts the raiding—
Starts the raiding,
A policeman's lot is quite a happy one.
When constabulary duty 's to be done,
A policeman's lot is quite a happy one.

When the enterprising burglar's still a-burgling—
Still a-burgling
And the Underworld is occupied in crime—
'pied in crime,
What fun it is to hear the bubbly gurgling—
Bubbly gurgling
In those night clubs that sell liquor after time—
After time
With an envy it is difficult to smother—
'cult to smother
We conclude the bobby's nights are full of fun—
Full of fun.
Ah, take one consideration with another—
With another,
The policeman's lot is quite a happy one.
When constabulary duty 's to be done—
To be done,
The policeman's lot is quite a happy one—
Happy one. *B. W.*

TECHNOCRACY . . .

Demonstrated by Dancers

The Dancing School Truempy, in Berlin, give a Terpsichorean interpretation of technocracy in their "Machine Dance" (Dance of Contra-Poles), or perhaps it is their idea in dance of the Brave New World. Anyhow, it is most impressive in a typically modern German way

Dr

"Lord Camber's Ladies"

"The Case of Lady Camber," by H. A. Vachell, has been adapted for the screen by B.I.P. under the name of "Lord Camber's Ladies," and above is one of the scenes, showing Shirley Neville (Gertrude Lawrence), the actress, having a few hectic words with her husband, Lord Camber (Nigel Bruce), who has many affairs with women to his discredit

Another shot from "Lord Camber's Ladies," in which Dr. Napier (Sir Gerald du Maurier) is showing his affection for Janet King (Benita Hume), who, before she became a nurse, ran a flower-shop patronised by Lord Camber, whom she knew as John Betterton. It was when Lord Camber married Shirley Neville that he threw Janet over, but Fate brought the two women together as patient and nurse, and before the final fade-out Janet is suspected of having poisoned her patient, a thing no heroine in a film-play would, of course, be capable of doing. This is an Alfred Hitchcock production

Before the Gong Sounded for "Dinner

Death Whispers to the Host—

rama Stalks the Stage . . .

Tense Moments in Entertainments of the Hour

"July 14th"

A scene from Réné Clair's latest picture," Le 14 Juillet," now at the Academy Cinema, Oxford Street, in which Anna (Annabella), the flower-girl, is astounded to receive a large sum of money from an eccentric restaurant patron (Paul Olivier). The film is in the " Sous les Toits " style, its milieu the Paris underworld, and its theme the national celebrations there. It is Clair at his most brilliant. Annabella (who is one of the best-known French film actresses) came over for the première last Friday

The pictures below from " The Green Bay Tree " show Mr. Dulcimer (Frank Vosper), an æsthete with a corrupting influence, arranging the flowers with his own exquisite taste, and explaining to his adopted son, Julian (Hugh Williams), that " Choice is what separates the artist from the common herd." Mr. Dulcimer is killed, but his evil influence lives, and in the circle below we see Julian (Hugh Williams), after he has been thrown over by his fiancée for accepting his patron's money, determined to follow in those footsteps, and with his dainty fingers, also engloved, repeating to Crump (Henry Hewitt) the remark made by the deceased when engaged in the same occupation

At the St. Martin's
" The Green Bay Tree "
The Evil That Men Do—

—Lives After Them

nner at Eight"
—While Two Guests Quarrel

On the left are two episodes from " Dinner at Eight," at the Palace Theatre, when the host, unknown to his wife and daughter, visits his doctor and has a bad heart attack there. Martin Lewis is the doctor ; Tristan Rawson, the patient ; and Susan Richmond the nurse. Nearer on the left are two of the guests (Lyn Harding and Carol Goodner) who are attending the dinner and quarrel with ferocity while changing for it. The husband looks as if he could take care of himself, but when it comes to verbal sword-play it is the wife who gets under the man's guard

PERSONALITIES IN "PLASTICINE"

No. 14: Sir Patrick Hastings

Modelled and Designed by Zec

SIR PATRICK HASTINGS K.C.

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Scotland Redivivus

Scotland Beat Wales: The Critics Confounded

"Feet! Feet!" The Scottish forwards, in white shorts, with the ball at their feet, were conspicuous in many rushes. Were they inspired by the fact that for the first time on record the Scottish team were numbered?

Wales get the ball from a line-out in the International match at Swansea, which Scotland won by 11 points to 3. A young Scottish team showed fine form against the Welsh weakened by illness

So Wales have gone up like a rocket, and come down like the stick, by which I mean that, having unexpectedly beaten England at Twickenham, they were themselves most surprisingly trounced by Scotland at Swansea.

The path of the prophet, indeed, is becoming uncommonly prickly, and I must admit that my own guesses at the results of the first two International matches of the season have lamentably come unstuck. But would you have backed that youthful Scottish team in the Swansea mud; even though Turnbull, Bowcott, Boon and Jenkins were out of the Welsh side? Perhaps you did back it, in which case you certainly earned your money. I didn't see the game myself—influenza kept me at home—but I did hear most of Teddy Wakelam's extremely able broadcast description, and I gathered that Scotland are going to set a pretty hot pace for Ireland and England as well.

Apparently W. R. Logan was very good at scrum-half, which is hardly surprising, for he was exceptionally promising a couple of years ago against England at Murrayfield, when he was little more than a schoolboy. Logan is a sturdy, independent kind of player, rather like Gadney, who returned to the English side for the Irish match last Saturday. And while we are talking about scrum-halves, I wish the English selectors had given Key another chance. Key, to my way of thinking, had a rough deal in the game with Wales, for the referee did not check the Welsh back-row forwards, and Key was therefore unmercifully harassed. By dropping him the Selectors have played for safety, and I am not at all sure that adventure isn't more important than safety in the English side at the present moment. Unfortunately, I have to write this before the Irish match has taken place, and it is possible that everything I say will be falsified in the event. Still, I am bound to confess that I agree with those readers who have written to me pointing out that if Gadney, Elliot, Gerrard and Burland are respectable, they are also inclined to be dull, and dulness is the unforgivable sin in any kind of Rugby football. I wonder, for instance, how England would fare with Key and J. R. Auty at half-back, Tallent and Novis in the centre, and Harrison and Booth on the wings? Or, if you happen to come from Bristol, let us bring Barrington in to partner Key, and put Auty into the centre, with Novis out on the wing instead of Booth. Whichever way you have it, this has the makings of a lively back division.

But it is improbable that the English Selectors will take such risks, and I can well understand their hesitancy. After all, it is a considerable responsibility to pick an International team—though, really, what nonsense it is, all this solemn talk about responsibility! It would be glorious if the Selectors suddenly threw dull care away and picked a team purely for its attacking possibilities; glorious, even if it proved to be disastrous. And wouldn't they be themselves attacked for doing so!

I think, as a matter of fact, that there is this air of slightly rakish adventure about the Scottish team, and it certainly was successful enough at Swansea. It seems probable that the game on Saturday week between Ireland and Scotland, at Dublin, will be the most attractive game of the year.

I suppose, really, I should be discussing Services' prospects, for the first of the Service engagements takes place at Twickenham on Saturday, when the Navy meet the Air Force. So far, the Air Force have not had much luck in their struggles with the Navy, for only twice, in 1923 and 1925, have they been successful, and then they owed their success largely to the inspiration of W. W. Wakefield. Since 1925 the Navy have won every match, but only by the odd try on several occasions, and what always impresses me is the fine show put up by the Air Force. The trouble is that the Air Force have to draw their players mainly from unit teams scattered over the country, and as a side they are invariably short of first-class practice and experience. Still, they make up for lack of polish by an extra ration of zeal, and I've no doubt they will press the Navy hard again this coming week-end.

Incidentally, the Services have been handsomely recognised by the Selectors this winter, for the Army have Novis, Kendrew, Troop, and Sadler in the England side, while the Navy are represented by Elliot, Evans, and Webb.

Almost half the England team, in fact, comes from the Services, which is only natural when we consider what opportunities these players have for training. Their difficulty usually is to avoid staleness, the enemy which is liable to attack even the one-game-a-week man at this time of the season.

Books of the Week

Novels: Good and Not So Good: By "Ericus"

THIS week I intend giving you the low-down—forgive my French—on as many as I can manage of the recent novels, and their number is legion. Among them are three first efforts, *Quatrain* and *The Crystal*, both published by Hutchinson at 7*s.* 6*d.*, and *Business is Business* (Secker; 6*s.*).

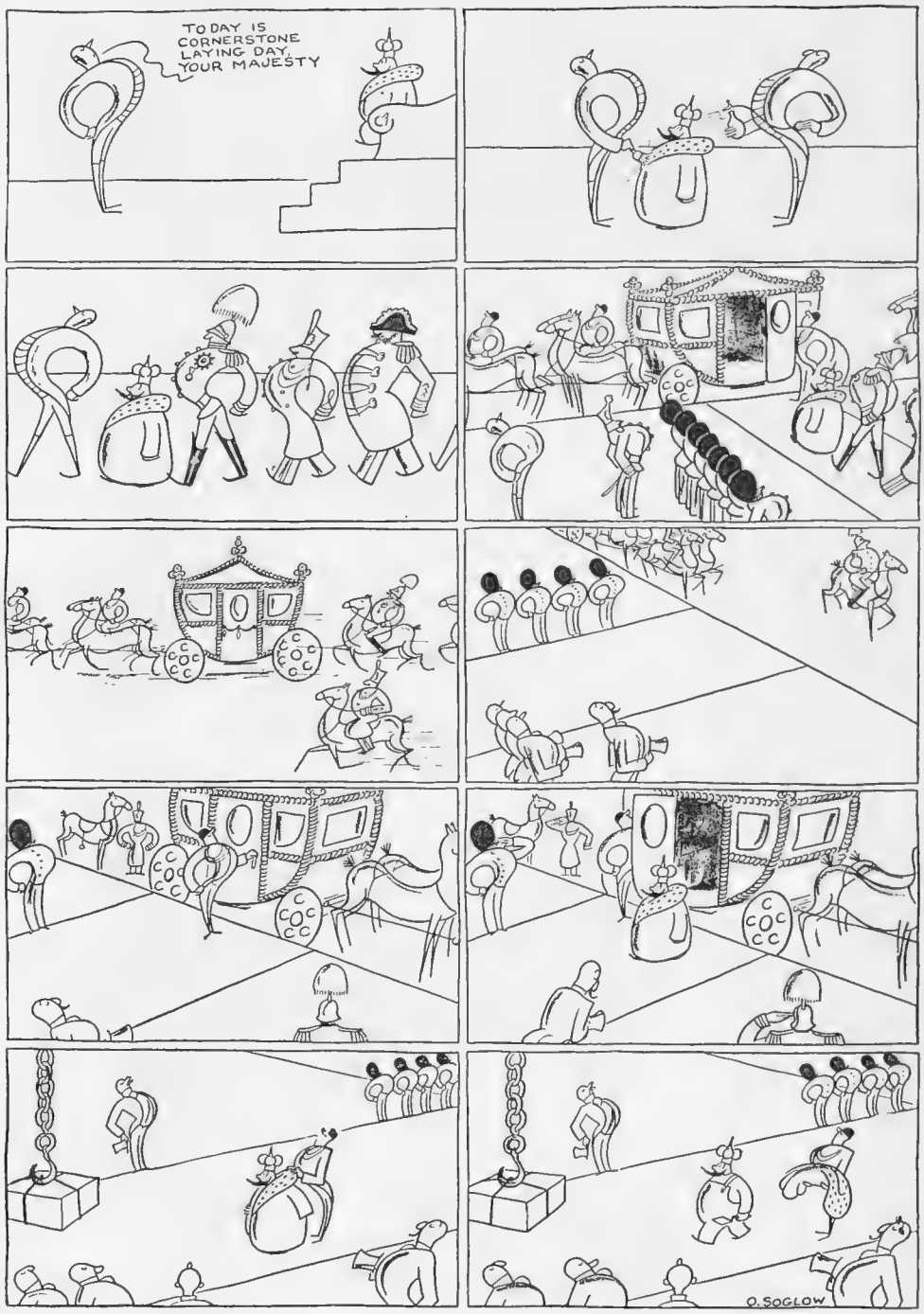
Decidedly the best of these is *Business is Business*, by Basil D. Nicholson, a hilarious absurdity that rushes you along at such a pace you hardly have time to laugh. You can only sit back and give the author his head. Never was there a more barefaced ruffian than Hugo Treatt, to give him the last of his many aliases, who sips his port in Heaven's ante-chamber and complacently reviews his career of crime. He started at the tender age of eight years with a murder on Easter Island, just as an appetiser. With the aid of a few more murders and some incredibly ingenious swindling—at one moment he is inducing the British nation to pay enormous sums for a quite worthless sea-skerry, at another making a quick turn-over at Oxford with a scheme whereby bogus proctors extract fines on the spot from erring undergraduates—he had amassed a fortune by the time he was eighteen. His moral musings are quaint. He explains the murder of his three companions on a trip to a Guiana diamond-field with the remark that, at the time, violence seemed inseparable from dealings in real estate, and he seduces a lady friend whom he had interested in one of his designs, because it is such an excellent method of cementing a business relationship. A farrago of nonsense, but good fun for all that. We must keep an eye on Mr. Nicholson.

MISS EILEEN TREMAYNE'S first novel, *Quatrain*, is a thoughtful and carefully constructed piece of work. Rather too thoughtful, I feel, for Miss Tremayne would have infused more spontaneity into it if she had taken less pains with the psychological processes of her characters and let their actions speak for them. This is an important point when you consider the length of her book, which covers four generations, from great-grandmamma Robin to the war-embittered Bobs. Bobs, by the way, is rather a prep.-schoolish young man—I expected him at any moment to challenge someone to a mill behind the chapel in first break. But his mother is drawn with great sincerity and the whole book reflects an intelligence that argues well for the future.

"THE CRYSTAL," by Caroline Kennedy, is a curiously illogical sort of story. Illogical, because its characters so frequently take the most vital decisions on grounds of the flimsiest. Laura Loaming, for example, cuts her deserving young man out of her life in a positive frenzy of self-delusion. And why all this fuss about an operation when she meets him again? By far the best character in the book is John, Laura's first husband, who has a happy knack of making idiotic remarks at moments of pathos. Which leads me to think that Miss Kennedy will do better in a more cheerful atmosphere.

MR. S. P. B. MAIS having apparently forsaken the novel for the guide-book, his mantle seems to have fallen on Mr. Patrick Carleton, whose second novel, *The Hawk and the Tree* (Allan; 7*s.* 6*d.*), reminds me forcibly of *Prunello*. Its hero, Bill Harfoot, can best be described as a cross between Piers Plowman and François Villon, a combination of which Mr. Mais was so fond, plus a dash of Rodney Stone. Bill revolts at the gentlemanliness of school-mastering, throws up his job and becomes in turn pot-boy, tramp, artist's model, circus-hand, shop-assistant, and professional boxer, ranging the Midlands from Norfolk to Lancashire in the process, and enjoying every moment of it, until eventually he settles down, with a contented sigh, in a boxing community in Bury, or Bolton, or is it Widnes? This is a fine, spirited he-man romance, with vivid pen-pictures of East Anglian fen and Derbyshire dale and the murk of the industrial North. Incidentally, what a boxing reporter Mr. Carleton would make!

(*Continued on page 316*)



Here He Is Again!

A Portfolio of Fashion

compiled weekly for the Bystander by Madge Garland

Scaioni Studios

A black and red wool evening gown from Albert and Johnson worn by Miss Audrey Simpson.

A backward glance at the

Horst

Horst

Scaioni Studios

SHORT cape sleeves distinguish the cyclamen-pink evening gown above, which has a belt of geranium-red velvet. Model by Mainbocher

A TUCKED and frilled cape of black chiffon accompanies a Mainbocher dress of the same material, which has a black satin sash

BLACK ciré satin makes an attractive gown, which has four shoulder-straps, two knotted at the back, to support it. From Richard Sands

our spring evening gowns décolletages

HUGE white feather flowers border the neck-line of the short cape which accompanies this statuesque gown of heavy white crêpe. From Fortnum and Mason

Scaioni Studios

A GREEN cashmere scarf with white spots is seen at the bottom of this page. It costs 5/6 and may also be had in navy blue and red. From Austin Reed

A YELLOW and white check cashmere scarf has fringed ends and costs 7/6. It may also be had in a number of different colours. From Austin Reed

ARTIFICIAL silk in gay stripes of navy and light blue, red and white makes this attractive scarf, which costs 10/6. Also in other colours, from Austin Reed

ON the left below is a silk scarf hand-printed in red and brown on a white ground. 49/6 from Fortnum and Mason

A LARGE brown silk handkerchief spotted with large dots of cream colour and yellow costs 45/-. From Fortnum and Mason

A CREAM-colour silk cashmere scarf is patterned with red zig-zags. Also in other colours, 21/-. Fortnum and Mason

AT the bottom of the page is a green, black and white plaid scarf which may also be obtained in red, 17/6. Fortnum and Mason

Happy Families

Is Lady Alexandra Metcalfe at Home?

Left: David, who is Major and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe's eldest, is rising six, and rides a pony; the twins, who will be three this year, are having lessons on a donkey

Left: Lady Alexandra Metcalfe has not been at home lately, but at St. Moritz and, in particular, at the Cresta, where she watched the Grand National, the last race of the season

Above: Lindy and Devina, who are at home, share a bath, as well as a donkey, which is as it should be for twin sisters; and they think so too

Left: the twins in their twin cots, and looking just as attractive as children do look when they're all ready for bed. Lady Alexandra Metcalfe's Lindy and Devina certainly look like being charmers by the time they are débutantes

Photographs by Swaebe

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Further Opinions on Amateur Championship Conditions

Sir Harold D. Gillies, Kt., C.B.E.

J. S. Morrison

CONTINUING this week our debate on the subject of the conditions of the Amateur Championship, I have received the following letter from John Morrison :

" Robert Tyre Jones, in his book, *Down the Fairway*, writes : ' It has been my fortune to encounter some very admirable golf in my match-play ventures good enough to stop me in eighteen or thirty-six holes, while my own play was sufficiently good to have kept me well in the running had the competition been extended to seventy-two holes.'

" It is obvious, if you extend a golf match long enough, the better player will win in the end. The game of golf has always consisted of eighteen holes, and I have no sympathy with players who wish to extend the game to thirty-six or seventy-two holes. If a man cannot win in eighteen holes, in my opinion he deserves to be beaten.

" F. G. L. Fairlie's suggestion to alter the conditions of our Amateur Championship and to play it in the same manner as they do in the United States of America has been discussed at length in numerous golf clubs. In fact, some years ago, all entrants for the Amateur Championship were circularised concerning this question. I certainly do not think that the Amateur Championship is an open competition to decide who is the finest amateur golfer of the year. The seventy-two holes of medal play in the Open Championship can decide this question without any difficulty or argument. I contend that the object of the Amateur Championship is to discover the best player of golf as usually played by amateurs—a very different thing. One of the reasons why the victory of Eric Martin Smith was so popular was because, at the time, he had only been playing occasional week-end golf, and not making a business of a pleasure, as so many who failed at Westward Ho ! had been. I have heard on good authority that no one desired to have him as a partner the week before the Championship, as it was found to be far from a success, financially. He also wrote home saying that he was returning on the Tuesday night of the Championship week.

" Sir Ernest Holderness, playing for England against Scotland on a certain Saturday in 1922, was defeated by Gordon Simpson by 5 and 4. Seven days later Sir Ernest defeated John Caven in the final of the Amateur Championship. These two examples show how difficult it is for anyone to train themselves to be at the top of their form at a particular time.

" I FAIL to see how playing matches of thirty-six holes instead of eighteen is going to improve the standard of play of our Amateur Champions, as some people seem to imagine it will. It is very similar to the other absurd argument, often put forward, that if you reduce the scratch score of your course from, say, 76 to 73, you are, for some unknown reason, going to improve the standard of play of all your members. It is certain that if you eliminate luck from the game a very large number of players will undoubtedly give it up. It would not be much fun to play any game if the better player was always certain to win.

" If a player holes the course in the Amateur Championship in the 60's, although he may have played better than he knows how, he surely deserves to win, whoever he is playing against.

" To sum up, I am opposed to qualifying rounds and matches of thirty-six holes in the Amateur Championship for the following reasons :—

(1) The game of golf consists of eighteen holes.

(2) It is not the usual custom of any amateurs to play thirty-six-hole matches. Personally, I can only remember once having played a single of thirty-six holes.

(3) Many amateurs dislike medal play.

(4) Matches of thirty-six holes would favour the player who can afford the time and money for extensive practice, and to play in the numerous open competitions.

(5) The tiger, when beaten, can still say : ' Of course, I would have won if the match had been extended to thirty-six holes.'

(6) The Open Championship can decide who is the best amateur golfer of the year.

" I would rather see the Walker Cup matches abolished than the conditions of the Amateur Championship changed."

WITH regard to the six points which he makes at the end of his letter, I cannot agree with the contention in number four : surely thirty-six-hole matches would favour the *good* player who cannot afford the time and money for extensive practice, since there is less chance of a lucky round on the part of an inferior player eliminating him before he has got into form. But I must admit that I like enormously the point which he makes in number five.

Giles Gillies has also been kind enough to give me his ideas, and they are as follows :—

" By all means let 's have a change. In fact, I go further—let 's have a revolution. Why should not a game such as golf be put on the same basis as many other human activities and have its wreath of laurels bestowed on its champion as a result of examination ? It would work out quite simply and be very spectacular, and at times, amusing ; it would allow any aspirant to enter the sectional qualifying examination at very little cost, and the result of the final phase would be to produce an unchallengeable champion, undeniable, indubitable, unequivocal and unchallenged.

" Further, the system might be extended to handicaps, which could be allotted by examination. The monthly exam. would then be instituted in place of the monthly Bogey.

" But for the Championship, a special board of examiners would be elected on their golfing merits, meet and set the paper for the year. I would suggest for the first year, say, 1934, that the following might be suitable."

CONSIDERATIONS of space prevent me from giving all the tests which Giles Gillies has suggested. Let me summarise by saying that he would give marks for the steadiness, length, direction and carry of various wooden club shots played with, against and across a wind from good and bad lies : that he would have various iron shots of a specified character and pitch shots of different lengths with and against the wind. He does not miss out bunker shots, nor the pitch and run played with any club, chips round the green and putting. His most interesting test, perhaps, is what he terms " nerve shots of an undivulged nature." I wonder if he is thinking of a full drive off the forehead of a prostrate L.G.U. executive ? He goes on to say :—

" Five marks will be allotted to each shot, making a total possible of 500.

" The country would be divided into sections, and the examining Board would allot examiners for different sections. The results would be carefully discussed at a general meeting of the Board, and sixty to a hundred competitors, according to the standard displayed, be allowed to enter for the Championship proper.

" At the selected course the examinees would again be put through it—perhaps with a more rigorous test—and the first eight or, possibly, sixteen would then play by match play over thirty-six holes in the time-honoured manner.

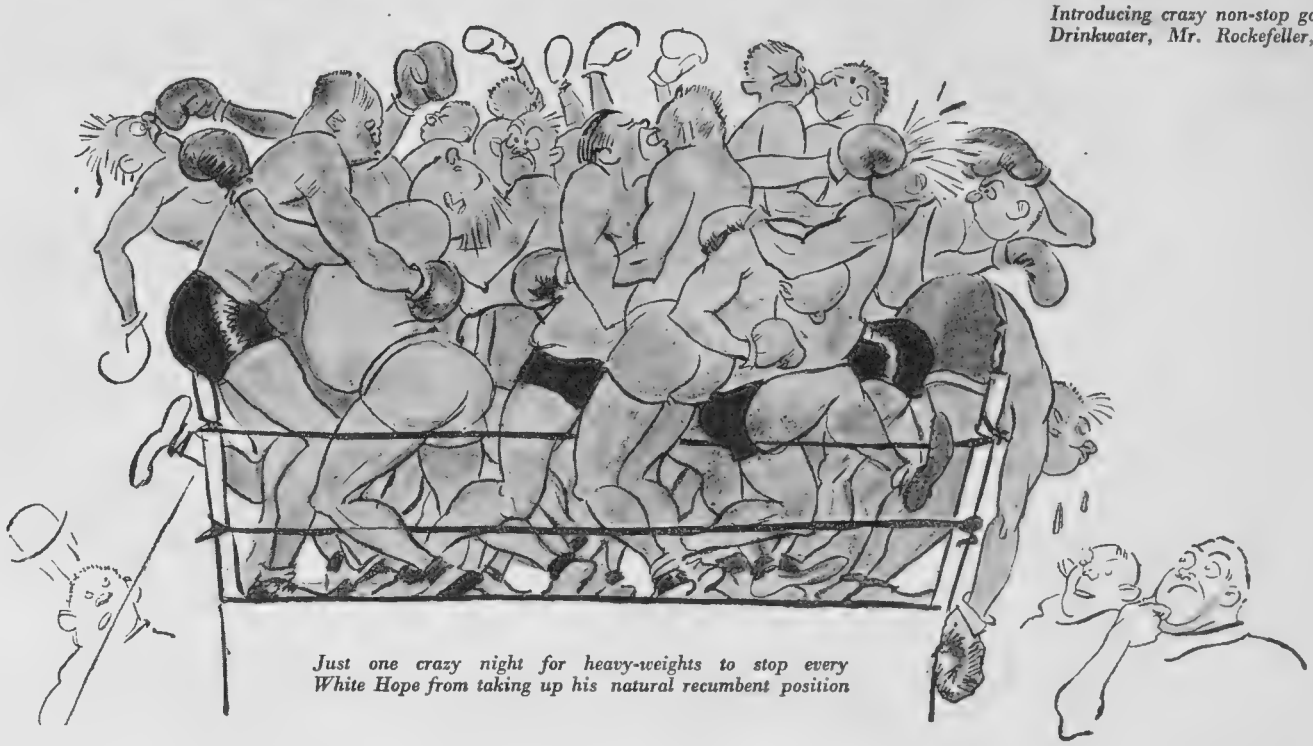
" It might transpire, however, that the examination system proved so effective that when the finalists had emerged they would once more be put to examination, but in direct and personal combat—shot for shot—and man to man. A thrilling duel between the two would then be witnessed in great comfort by hosts of enthusiasts, ending in a desperate putting match.

" Incidentally, this system would end a good deal of bother about the rules of golf, the ball and golf architecture."

Those of us who know Giles Gillies will read his suggestions with deep enjoyment. But I must say that, as is usual with his various delightful pranks, there is an underlying sediment of truth, a deal of sense in his nonsense. Of his suggestions which you have just read this is indisputably true : I have to thank Giles Gillies for pointing out to me very forcibly where undue interference in our game might lead. It is fantastic, of course, to imagine a championship decided by examination . . . and yet, if we go on mucking about with the rules, what may we not come to ?

Partly from considerations of space, partly in order to give myself time to think this new aspect over, I will retire from the fray for this week. In the next issue I will give my summing-up.

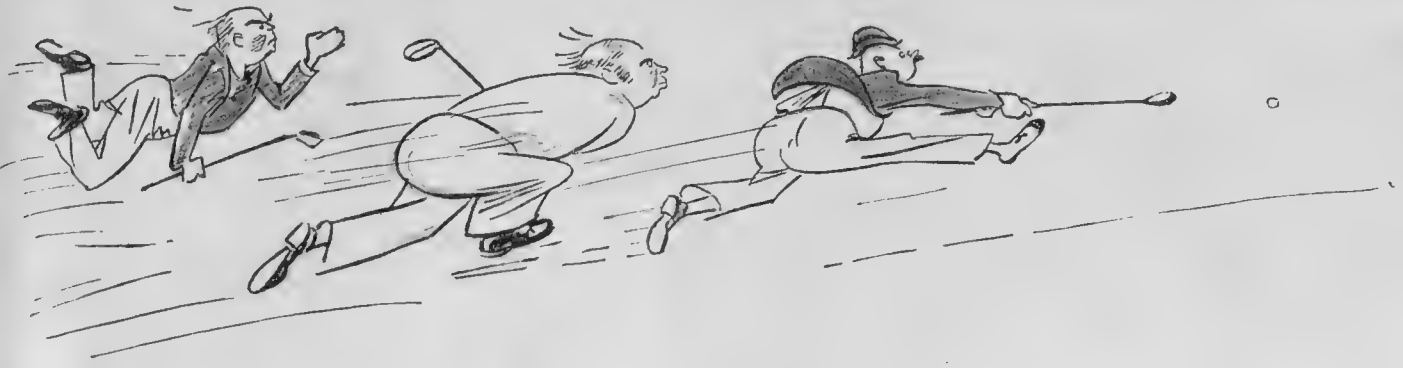
Introducing crazy non-stop golf being played b
Drinkwater, Mr. Rockefeller, Lord Wakefiel



Just one crazy night for heavy-weights to stop every White Hope from taking up his natural recumbent position

Uncle George Lansbury introduces non-stop fishing in the Serpentine

Why not Crazy Nights and Days



Ranji" (H.H. the Jam of Nawanagar), John Nikita Balieff, and others of lesser importance

England versus the Rest at "Rugger." The Rest—quite a large number of them—being led by the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Thomas Beecham, Willie Clarkson, and Sir Henry Wood

Stark wrestling all-in lawn tennis, played by Jack Hylton, Sir Oswald Mosley, James Maxton, and other members, presumably of the All-England Club, up to Davis Cup form

for English Sports? By H. H. Harris

Delirious Dialogues

No. 3. Montagu Collett Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, and Amy Johnson

He: *I am sure you will be flattered, Mrs. Mollison, when you hear I have come to ask your advice. Frankly, my efforts to secure publicity are a little disappointing for one in my position. Can you tell me the secret of your success?*

She: *I want to thank you all for your wonderful reception. I think Cape Town is the most marvellous city in the world. And I also want to thank all those without whose help this wonderful record of mine could not have been attempted.*

He: *Of course, I have had my successes—but you are always on the front page. My Professor Skinner idea was admirable—but I can't keep it up.*

She: *I want to thank you all for your wonderful reception. I think Singapore is the most wonderful city in the world. And I also want to thank all those without whose help this wonderful record . . .*

He: *You are right. The record idea is the secret. Supposing I try something like this. . . . The First Governor of the Bank of England to swim the Serpentine in a Bowler. How's that?*

She: *I want to thank you all for your wonderful reception. I think Cincinatti is the most wonderful town in the world. And I also, etc., etc.*

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Mainly about the L.G.U. Dinner

"The Bystander" Challenge Cup

In future to be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of "Bystander" Spoons during the year. In 1932, when the Cup was played for by Clubs, Tamworth were the winners

DEAR BYSTANDER—

AFTER starving for news for the last three months, this week we have a positive surfeit. I could, for instance, fill all this page with the witty sayings of Mr. A. A. Milne, Lady Denman, Lady Astor, and Mr. Torrance at the L.G.U. dinner; or give you details of the All-India Championship; or discuss Miss Wethered's appointment to Fortnum and Masons; or deal at any length you like with the Annual General Meeting of the Ladies' Golf Union.

Which shall it be? Supposing we start at the end, with that General Meeting. It was extraordinarily interesting, amazingly efficient in handling from the Chair—as one expects with Lady Denman there—and remarkable for the clarity of expression, breadth of view and general reasonableness of every single speaker. Really one did feel that all of those several hundred delegates were giving their whole attention to the business in hand, and realised their responsibility in dealing with something that might mean a vast disappointment to the Dominions. Of course, to be quite candid, the pity was that the L.G.U. Executive had not thought of that before, and, personally, I was desperately sorry for Mrs. Hodson, whose splendid year of Executive Chairmanship ended with the Annual General Meeting telling that Executive, politely but firmly, that they had acted with anything but discretion over this proposed tour, in extending it from South Africa to the Antipodes. Sorry for her, because the Executive had been so unanimous that it was A GOOD THING, as "1066" would have it, that it must have been an utter shock to find the Annual General Meeting of the emphatic opinion that it was A BAD THING to send five players across the globe all at one fell swoop.

Everybody spoke well, notably Mrs. Dudley Charles, and Mrs. Dunlop Hill, but it was Mrs. Lewis Smith who carried the day. Too long absent from prominence in L.G.U. circles, she was back in the very nick of time with real first-hand knowledge of what travelling in (or should one say, round?) Australasia means, and that it was, however delightful as a tour, no fit prelude to South Africa. The meeting was swept off its feet.

Then came a difficulty, and but for the Chairmanship of Lady Denman we might all be sitting there still, with our admirable restraint wearing thin, and consideration for the state of the country, the feeling of the Dominions, and the high ideals of International golf forgotten. The Annual General Meeting, it appeared, had no power to censure the Executive nor ordain how L.G.U. affairs should be managed, but they could refuse to adopt the clause of the report of the Executive Council, and an informal vote could be taken as some guidance to the Council. The vote left no doubt at all, and the Council, mostly newly elected, for 1933, went away to lunch with the knowledge that they would have everybody's disapprobation if they did not confine the tour to South Africa alone. There was only one thing to be thoroughly thankful for. Mrs. Hodson had had the tactful inspiration to tell New Zealand and Australia that no definite reply could be sent until after February 8th. That saved the situation. It is no discourtesy or unappreciativeness of their delightful invitation, only sheer common sense, that a tour of these countries should not be included in the same tour as South Africa.

As for the L.G.U. dinner, I was not there myself, and seem to have missed something quite exceptional in the matter of speeches. It was a wonderful stroke of genius to get hold of Mr. Milne, and apparently he quite brought down the house, though he did say that he felt it was unfair competition that he, an amateur of one speech in three years, should be opposite number to Lady Astor who must have produced two thousand odd. Lady Astor might protest that actually she made fewer speeches than any other woman in the House, only she made more interruptions; the L.G.U. diners were apparently of the opinion that the House would be much the merrier if she did give them more speeches, if all were as amusing as the one of the moment. She admitted that she had accepted the L.G.U.'s invitation partly to hear Mr. Milne speak and partly because, having never seen a good woman play golf, she thought she would at least see a good woman eat a dinner. Mr. Milne confessed that, though he had once had the supreme honour of partnering Miss Joyce Wethered in a foursome, his only contribution to the side had been to say "Sorry!" once at each short hole, and twice at each long.

Lady Denman, of course, drew many laughs—she always does; so did Mr. Torrance, in spite of having the hard task of playing the like to so much brilliance, and Miss Stringer supplied the historical touch in her proposal of the toast of the L.G.U.

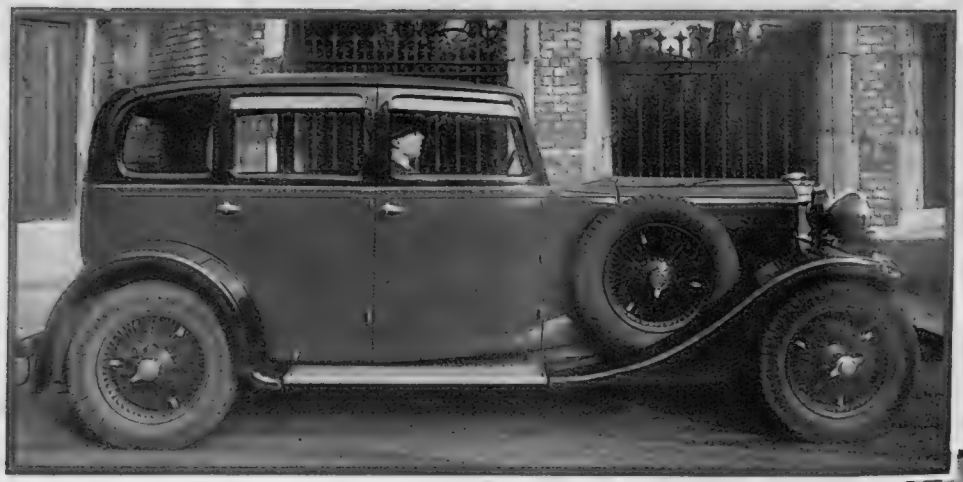
TALKING of Miss Wethered, there 's no need for me to tell you that she has been appointed by Fortnum and Mason to be their golfing adviser; the whole daily Press has been busy announcing it, amending their announcement in the light of the facts, and then commenting on something which does not arise at all, the question of Miss Wethered's amateur status. From February 20th not not only will F. and M. have the benefit of Miss Wethered's advice themselves, customers there will have it, too, so that they can lean on really expert advice, the best possible, on what clubs to choose, what golfing clothes to wear, and so forth and so on. Counsellor-in-chief to the golfing purchaser is as near a title as one can arrive at for her. She will *not* teach; she will *not* demonstrate; what she will do is work so hard that any thought of competition golf, even if she had the wish to return to it, is outside the range of possibility. Accordingly nobody will ever be asked to decide any knotty questions about whether she is an amateur or not.

Now for the Championship of All-India. It seems that the entry at Royal Calcutta Club's old course was not quite up to other years, in either quality or quantity, the later date meaning that wives who had come up for their husbands' Christmas leave had been obliged to go back again, and the general hard times exercised their baneful influence as well. It was all very right and suitable that the lowest handicap in for it, Mrs. Duckworth, should win, but since that handicap is, as yet, no lower than 7, it was not to be expected that the standard of play would be quite up to those golden years when ex-Scottish champions were in Calcutta. But there was at least plenty of excitement before Mrs. Duckworth won her first round at the 21st hole from Mrs. E. D. Johnston, and when the final went to the last green. It was better putting that just got Mrs. Duckworth home there from Mrs. Duncan Smith.

Golfers and their Children

Mrs. John Fleming, who, as Miss Couie Clayton, caused a great stir by her long driving. She won the Middlesex Championship last spring. Angela is aged two

Mrs. John Fleming and Angela



A broadside view of the "Ninety-Five" Talbot, a really fast car in all respects, showing the pleasing lines of the bodywork

CARS with a Personality

The Talbot "Ninety-Five" Saloon

By The Earl of Cardigan

WHEN I called recently at the showrooms of Messrs. Pass and Joyce, and asked for the loan of an interesting car which I could review in these columns, I had little doubt that this enterprising firm would be able to accommodate me. As it turned out, I was taken very literally at my word, for the "Ninety-Five" Talbot which was subsequently put at my disposal proved to be one of the most interesting cars which I have driven for some time.

This is, roughly, a £600 car, fitted with a very comfortable saloon body. The driving position is particularly good, the steering-wheel coming comfortably into the driver's lap, even with the front seat pushed well back, and the angle of the cushions being adjustable to either an upright or a reclining position. A "genuine" hand-brake is also very well placed.

As for performance, the Talbot is perhaps not seen at its best in London. The 21-h.p. engine is never quite capable of effacing itself, although it is not altogether unpleasant to receive a hint of its obvious power. The four-speed gear-box (top gear ratio roughly 4½ to 1), is of the epicyclic pre-selective type which seems to be constantly gaining in popularity. This undoubtedly is very helpful to the driver, both owing to its simplicity and also to the rapidity with which the gears can be engaged.

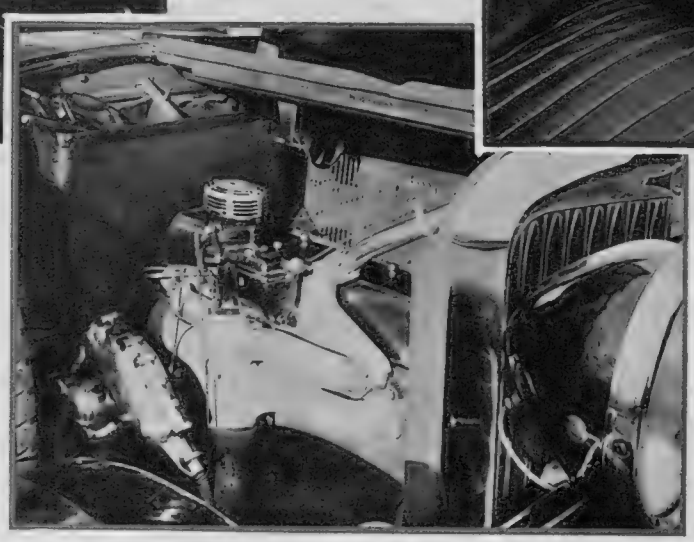
AN unusual feature, but one which is of real value to a high-speed car, is the lever control of the action of the shock absorbers. The Talbot springing is, by nature, a shade on the hard side; but, if this lever is set to the "soft" position, the fluid is allowed to flow more freely through the shock-absorbing apparatus, and the result is a smoother springing suitable either for town running or for slow speeds over a rough surface. On the open road, one tends, I think, to regard the whole car in a slightly different light. Having previously classed it as "good," one suddenly decides that the right word is "remarkable" or "excellent." At speed, I do not know when I have driven a more attractive car. Really high speeds are possible, and there is absolutely no sense of the engine being "over-driven." I touched 70 m.p.h. in third gear, and the same speed in top gear was no more than a comfortable cruising pace. The absolute maximum I was never able to discover. It is certainly well in excess of 80, and probably round about 90 m.p.h.

The steering is admirable, and the road-holding, for a saloon car, is particularly good. I found myself driving with confidence at considerably more than 60 m.p.h., which, for me, is "fast." The brakes, which I tested at these speeds, are exceptionally efficient, and make the car, which is a really fast one, a genuinely safe one.

Imposing and substantial. A front view of the "Ninety-Five" Talbot is illustrated below

A view of the controls seen from the off-side, showing lever of pre-selective gear-box below the steering-wheel

The back seats are both comfortable and roomy, differing in these respects from some cramped sports-car bodies



The six-cylinder engine, of exceptionally clean design, is capable of giving an approximate maximum speed of 90 m.p.h. without discomfort. Note the unusual arrangement of the steering-box

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

SOME of us are already beginning to get all worked up about the Boat Race. Is it possible, we ask ourselves, that Oxford at last will pull it off and silence their calumniators? I don't want to be optimistic without reason, and I should hate to allow bias to sway my otherwise admirable judgment, but I do believe that Oxford have a promising crew this year. There may be individual faults—indeed, the critics have been rather severe on technical points—but there is no denying the fact that the Oxford boat covers a lot of water between the strokes. And why is this? Not because the individual members of the crew are super-oarsmen, but simply because, as a unit, they have rhythm. Now rhythm in rowing is an indefinable thing, but it is the essential quality in a fast crew. How it is acquired, how it is maintained at racing speed—these are mysteries; but if Oxford can keep it, their chances are reasonably bright.

IT is an odd business, this rhythm—it operates in other games, in the timing of strokes in ball games, in the satisfactory shove of a Rugby scrummage. I've pushed in hard-working scrummages where the leader had his men well in hand, and yet honest effort brought no results. And then, suddenly, for no apparent reason, a kind of benevolent spirit of unity would descend upon the pack, and, with a swing, we would go rhythmically into action, to the great discomfiture of our opponents.

MIND you, Cambridge will have something to say about this Oxford rhythm, and there are honest Tabs who maintain that their crew has the makings of a winner. There is, I think, a lack of punch about its work at the moment—possibly the ravages of influenza have something to do with this—but I am bound to admit that Cambridge are long in the water and well together. Ah, well, we must wait, I suppose, as patiently as we can, but I do offer up prayers for the retention of that Oxford rhythm.

INCIDENTALLY, the Americans have stolen a mild march on us again, for the new rowing-tanks which have just been installed at the Payne-Whitney gymnasium for the use of the Yale crew are better than anything of the kind we have over here. They accommodate eight men, and the stream of water is electrically controlled, so that the novice can appreciate the difficulties of a quick beginning. As a matter of fact, rowing-tanks are more important in America than they are here, for U.S. crews are often frozen out for long stretches of the year.

AND now to the Australian Cricket Board of Control's reply to the M.C.C. cable. I don't think much of the reply, myself, for the charge of lack of sportsmanship is only withdrawn in a grudging and somewhat qualified manner. Still, as Sir Stanley Jackson observed, the matter had much better be left alone now, and I hope profoundly that by the time these notes appear, no further trouble will have developed at Brisbane.

THERE are other criticisms in the air, for it is being said in South Africa that our tennis test team lacked the will to win, which implies some kind of breakdown in team spirit. I don't think the criticism is particularly important—for that matter, I cannot regard these tennis tests as particularly significant—but what does interest me is the form displayed by V. G. Kirby, who will lead the South African Davis Cup team in Europe this year. Kirby seems to be a greatly-improved player, and it is just possible that he will be a man to be reckoned with at Wimbledon. When he was over here before he did not show to great advantage nor sustain his South African reputation.

BUT there—I am not worrying overmuch about these solemn international affairs, for I have just come from watching the Police Boxing Championships at the Albert Hall. What grand fighters these policemen

(*Continued on page* 316)

Left: E. W. Hadingham Mlle. Creput, Mme. Schlegel, and the Hungarian Champion, Gaston Medecin, after a game on the tennis courts of the Eden Hotel, Cap d'Ail

Sticking It!

M. H. Harding (Sidney College) winning the half-mile race against Emmanuel College in the Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Sports at Fenner's

Right: Guy Morgan seen helping Guy's Hospital to beat Middlesex Hospital by scoring a try in a match won by the former team by 23 points to 10

A Score for Guy's in the Hospital Cup

The first woman with the oldest and the youngest men to take their flying tickets on an Autogiro, photographed at Hanworth: Mrs. Anthony Jenkinson, daughter of Sir James Dunn; Mr. J. A. McMullen, who is seventy years of age and the owner of a windmill 'plane; and F. J. Cable, known as the flying messenger boy, who is seventeen

Record Flights are Good for Trade

By Capt. C. E. Ward

A World's Record

THE prestige of British aviation, using the term in its widest possible sense, was still further enhanced last week by the success of the Royal Air Force long-distance flight. Squadron-Leader O. R. Gayford and Flight-Lieut. G. E. Nicholetts increased the distance flown in a straight line without landing to 5431 miles, which is 423 miles farther than that covered by the American pilots, Boardman and Polando, on their journey from New York to Constantinople. It must have been very disappointing to the British pilots that they could not reach Cape Town, their ultimate goal, but head-winds south of the Equator reduced the ground speed of the machine to such an extent that a landing at Walvis Bay was advisable in order not to run out of petrol over bad country. The Fairey-Napier machine has done everything expected of it, the take-off from Cranwell with several tons of petrol on board being accomplished safely and according to plan. This was really the critical part of the flight, for there was no doubt as to the skill and endurance of the pilots, though their mechanical brother "George" became air-sick after crossing the Sahara and refused his spell of duty. The Napier "Lion" engine, one of the veterans of the air that were breaking records twelve years ago, ran without a fault for nearly fifty-eight hours on a special mixture of petrol made by Shell.

The Challenge from France

ACCORDING to the book of words, there are only six achievements which are classed as world's records in the air. In addition to those two held by Great Britain—for supreme speed and distance in a straight line—there are records for distance and duration in a closed circuit, for height and for refuelling during flight, this latter being subdivided into duration and distance. Our speed record of 407 miles an hour is unlikely to be beaten for some considerable time owing to the expense of constructing high-speed aircraft, but the long-distance flight will be challenged very shortly by France. Obviously, any R.A.F. flight must have as its objective some other part of the Empire, whereas foreign civil pilots can choose their course according to the most favourable weather conditions, and particularly to obtain a following wind. The French airmen, Bossoutrot and Rossi, who already hold the closed circuit distance record of 6583 miles, have planned to fly to South America, and if they get similar weather to that which helped Mr. J. A. Mollison on his crossing of the South Atlantic their task will be considerably easier than that of any pilot flying to South Africa at this season. Contrary to popular belief, the height record made by the Vickers "Pegasus" machine at Bristol last year is an international class record for aeroplanes only, the greatest height ever attained being in a balloon.

Showing the Flag by Air

THE spectacular flights of British aircraft, both Service and civil, have helped to sell our machines abroad no less than the reputation for reliability which has been built up by Imperial Airways and by our flying clubs and private owners with their light 'planes. A successful flight over Everest will sell more Bristol engines than a height record gained over the Cotswold Hills, and the repeated successes of pilots like Mr. and Mrs. Mollison, with their Puss Moth machines, keep up the interest of foreign buyers in our light aircraft, especially when they can see the machines for themselves after some particularly gruelling journey. Refuelling in the air, which has been regarded more as a stunt than a useful achievement, is about to take its rightful place as a necessity for a certain class of long-distance flight involving heavy loads and requiring high speed. The duration record for refuelling is held by the United States, two pilots having completed 553 hours in the air without landing, but this is definitely a stunt, because it was carried out over an aerodrome, and proved no more than the endurance of the pilots under cramped conditions and the reliability of the engine, which could have been tested just as thoroughly on the bench. Curiously enough, the distance record for refuelled flight is only 3291 miles, and has stood at that figure since 1923. This is due to the fact that such a flight must be carried out in a closed circuit, which seems quite useless as a proof of anything. Ten thousand miles without landing, linking up the extremes of the Empire, will be something worth attempting, and its successful accomplishment the most important advance in flying technique since the war.

Around the Clubs

THE *A.A. Register of Landing Grounds* which are available for use by flying members, has been reissued and contains eight new sites—those at Eastbourne, Leamington, Rugby, and Midhurst being of particular interest to private owners. Subscribers can have the contents of the original Register exchanged, free of charge, for a complete new issue. Mr. S. A. Thorne is leaving Brooklands to take charge of the new school at Sywell, Northampton, but he will still be part of the Brooklands organisation, because the latter is taking over club flying in the same way that it did at Folkestone for the Cinque Ports.

New Fares to the Continent

THE cheapest fares to Paris under the Agents' inclusive tour system are four guineas single and £6 14s. 6d. return. Similarly, to fly to Brussels costs £3 12s. and a return ticket £5 15s.; to Basle, £5, and a return £10 5s. Ordinary single tickets, 15- and 30-day returns, together with charges for the de luxe service to and from Paris at 12.30, are more expensive. The British service from London to Switzerland is a daily one, excluding Sundays, Basle being reached in 5½ hours, and Zurich in 7 hours. No changes have been announced so far in the 1933 Empire mail services, which carry passengers to Egypt, India, and South Africa. One of the Handley-Page *type coloniale* recently completed a maiden voyage to Cape Town with Sir Eric Geddes and Mr. G. E. Woods Humphery on board. This machine is by far the largest that has been seen south of Kenya. Its luxurious accommodation for passengers and impressive appearance generally will be a good advertisement for Imperial Airways, which is introducing this year, for the whole of the African route, an entirely modern fleet built by Armstrong's at Coventry.

FEBRUARY, 1933

16th to 28th inclusive

16th **Racing.** Windsor.
Boxing. Mildmay A.B. and B.C., Newington Green.

17th **Racing.** Sandown Park.
Fencing. Oxford U. v. Cambridge U., Foils and Sabres London Fencing Club.
Badminton. Berks Championships, Reading.
Boxing. Universities and Hospitals Oxford Championships.

18th **Racing.** Sandown Park; United Border Hunt (Kelso).
Assoc. Football. F.A. Cup 5th. Round. Ireland v. England (Amateur).
Hockey. Oxford U. v. Cambridge U. R. Navy v. R.A.F. Beckenham (Chatham).
Rugby. R. Navy v. R.A.F., Twickenham. Upper Clapton v. London University, Vandals. Burton v. Westminster Bank.
Athletics. Midland Counties Cross Country. Sussex County 7-mile Walk Championship, Brighton.
Badminton. Berks Championships, Reading.
Golf. Cambridge University v. Walton Heath.

20th **Racing.** Derby.
Boxing. Caius B.C. Nine Elms.
Shows. British Industries Fair, London and Birmingham, opens. Closes March 3.

21st **Racing.** Derby.
Shows. Shire Horse Show, Royal Agricultural Hall. Royal Ulster Agric. Society Spring Show.
Boxing. Printing & Allied Trades B.C., Stadium Club.

22nd **Racing.** Newbury.
Shows. Shire Horse Show, Royal Agricultural Hall. Royal Ulster Agric. Society Spring Show.
Hockey. Royal Navy v. Army, Chatham.
Golf. Cambridge U. v. Essex Union, Chelmsford.

23rd **Racing.** Newbury.
Coursing. Alresford & North Herts Meetings.
Lacrosse. Oxford University v. Cambridge University, Oxford.
Cricket. 5th Test Match, M.C.C. v. Australia, Sydney.

24th **Racing.** Lingfield Park and Manchester.
Badminton. Sussex Championships, Hove.

25th **Racing.** Lingfield Park and Manchester.
Hockey. Scotland v. Wales, St. Andrews. Wimbledon v. Mid Surrey, Richmond.
Rugby. Ireland v. Scotland, Dublin. Upper Clapton v. Ilford Wanderers, Bush Hill Park. Burton v. Nottingham.
Assoc. Football. F.A. Amateur Cup, 4th Round.
Golf. Oxford University v. Stoke Poges, Stoke Poges. Cambridge University v. Royal St. George's, Sandwich.

27th **Racing.** Birmingham.
Coursing. Rochford Club.

28th SHROVE TUESDAY. Tossing the Pancake, Westminster School.
Racing. Birmingham.
Shows. Hunters & Thoroughbred Stallions, Royal Agricultural Hall.
Boxing. United Dairies B.C., Stadium Club.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

A striking photograph of the Greyhound Racing Track at the White City, showing how the illumination lights up the whole track so that spectators have no difficulty in following the racing

A Circle of Light at the White City

Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

THE "Tote" war continues to be waged by interested parties, and the Nonconformist mind on the one hand and interested parties and the public desire for fair play on the other. Undoubtedly a great deal of the opposition to the grant of the "Tote" to greyhound racing tracks is purely and simply because the sport of greyhound racing is detrimental to the business interests of brewers and of certain entertainers. There is equally no doubt that the continuance of "Totes" on certain unlicensed tracks—which could not exist but for the presence of the "Tote"—is vital to certain promoters.

LET us therefore ignore the interested parties of both sides: with this proviso, however, that the properly licensed and properly run greyhound racing tracks have little to fear from the absence of the "Tote," excepting that this absence will inconvenience their patrons in a manner which appears to the promoters quite unnecessary. Let me add that this inconvenience appears unnecessary not only to the promoters, but also to the twenty million other people who attended the greyhound racing tracks in 1932. We are left, therefore, with the Nonconformist mind on the one hand, and, on the other, with fair-minded people, who do not wish to enforce minority and puritanical principles on all their fellows.

ONE of the chief opponents to the legalisation of "Totes" on dog-racing tracks—according to correspondence in the letter column of the *Times*—is Sir Ellis Hume-Williams, K.C., and even he is willing to admit that very few people nowadays wish to stop all betting. But even in that admission he goes very little along the road.

Undoubtedly a very definite opinion is held, not only by those who attend greyhound racing tracks, but by those who, having never been to one yet, would like to see fair play for all things in their country, that it would be unfair to ban "Totes" on dog-racing tracks if they are permitted on horse-racing tracks, and that the very problematical assistance which the race-horse industry derives from the "Tote" does not justify legislative discrimination between two forms of gambling which are identical in principle. Such discrimination, if it is legalised, means that the man in the street—once again I would stress whether he is interested in dog racing or whether he is not—undoubtedly gets the impression that class legislation is being indulged in by the Government of the country, and a Government which openly goes in for class legislation is merely sealing its doom.

MY own personal opinion is this: I cannot see why the Government should not decree that "Totes" should be allowed only on certain licensed dog-racing tracks (in order to keep any fear of a social menace well in the background). This should, I think, satisfy the Nonconformist conscience, and if I am told that the Government would have the greatest difficulty in selecting those few tracks which it desired to licence out of the present many in existence, I would suggest that for very much less expense than the setting up of a Royal Commission certain Government representatives could make a tour and discover for themselves which are the well-run tracks. If this my suggestion were to be put into practice, I have absolutely no doubt that those tracks under the control of the National Greyhound Racing Club would be the chosen ones.

Books of the Week *(Continued from page 300)*

THE opening of *Mandoa! Mandoa!* (Collins; 7s. 6d.) which describes an East African principality with a dexterously organised succession of reigning Princesses (they are so much cheaper to keep), a hierarchy of six hundred and seventy-nine Archbishops (there are no priests and hence no reasons for ecclesiastical jealousy), and its natives speaking glorious Hollywood English, held out high hopes to me of another extravaganza—and we can always do with them—on the lines of *Black Mischief*. However, Miss Winifred Holtby had other and more serious ideas in store for me, and what might have been an intriguing burlesque becomes a somewhat complicated and diffuse piece of political propaganda. At least, that is how it struck me, but, perhaps, having been robbed of my bone, I am being unreasonable.

WE have so many industrial troubles of our own that it is just as well for us to realise sometimes that there are other people in the same boat. Miss Catherine Brody in her new novel, *Nobody Starves* (Collins; 7s. 6d.), discloses present-day conditions among the factory workers of the United States. This is a grim indictment of a system whereby a man may be driving his own car at one moment and, the next, find himself thrown out of work through no fault of his own. The factory scenes are most powerfully portrayed, and the story woven round them makes interesting, if gloomy, reading.

ANOTHER novel dealing, but less morbidly, with one of the world's workers is *Business as Usual*, by Jane Oliver and Ann Stafford, also published by Collins at 7s. 6d. Here we see the wheels going round in Everyman's Stores, Limited ("Our Business is Your Pleasure") of Oxford Street. The tale is charmingly and ingeniously told in a series of letters to and from Hilary Fane, who combines the qualifications for her post, a kind of Permanent Orderly Officership, with the important asset, as far as the reader is concerned, of a lively and intelligent sense of humour.

AND finally, a whimsical fantasy by Mr. Joseph Stamper, *The Bote Upon the Watter* (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). The author, having pondered on his loveless state—and presumably rejected the worms-in-the-garden solution—creates for himself seven beauteous maidens and voyages with them round the world in an imaginary vessel, popping in and out of the centuries and meeting such diverse acquaintances as the Vikings, the Spanish Armada, and the Noah entourage in the Ark. An elegant piece of fooling, with the maidens retaining their status. Which is surprising, but a Good Thing.

Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 313)*

are, and what noble bashings and batterings I watched on the site of so many dreary professional contests! The man who particularly took my fancy was G. J. Brennan, the Nottingham light-heavyweight. Brennan may have something still to learn about the finer points of boxing, but he is a tall, well-built fellow, capable of mixing it with the best. He put one opponent out in the first round, another in the second, and then he had a battle-royal in the final with the tough Garda Hearns, of Ireland. Hearns had won his previous fight with a sledge-hammer blow—I shall always go quietly when approached by Garda Hearns—but Brennan stood up to him, and weathered the storm, and rightly was awarded the verdict on points. Grand, courageous stuff, this police boxing, and I think that after witnessing their very fine display at the Albert Hall I shall find the professors rather tame for some time to come.

AS it happens, though, there are one or two good fights ahead. Next Sunday, for instance, Al Brown, the world's bantam-weight champion, meets our Johnny Peters at the Ring. Now Al Brown is a remarkable cove; he is a negro from Panama, a thin, elongated stick of chocolate, but made of steel and fast as lightning. He has a phenomenal reach, and is as clever as a cat. If he really goes all out, I don't fancy Peters' chances, good boy though he is.

THEN Jack Petersen is to try conclusions on February 23rd with Ernst Guehring, that hard-hitting German, and this should be a rousing struggle. And I hope Petersen will be allowed to shape his own fight, instead of obeying his father's instructions like an automaton.

FINALLY, on Monday, the promising Seaman Rowles meets the rather more experienced Lauri Ratieri, at the Crystal Palace. Rowles, you will remember, won the recent novices' heavy-weight competition, and followed that up by beating Tommy Tucker, most valiant of trial horses. Rowles, I think, is a boxer worth watching.

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The Doggy World

Ignorance is Often Inhuman

By

Lady Kitty Ritson

I HAVE a most colossal correspondence from all parts of the world concerning the care of dogs, and one thing strikes me more forcibly every day, and that is the extraordinary ignorance of the average dog-owner, and also his or her extreme reluctance to consult a veterinary surgeon. Now, I am only too happy to be of assistance to all the people who write to me, and I believe that I have often been privileged to save dogs' lives, and I do count it a privilege, but what beats me is how people can sit still and see an animal suffer without calling in skilled advice. They will wait for an answer through a paper, which must, after all, take several days at the very quickest, and which, even when it comes, can only be the best advice, it is true—for when I am not sure, I am able to send the queries to a celebrated veterinary surgeon—but, still, advice based upon what the owner THINKS are the symptoms.

AND the ignorance shown, in nine cases out of ten, is appalling. People light-heartedly adopt a dog without the very slightest idea of how to look after it; when it falls ill they imagine that "it 'll get all right in a day or two," and it is only after weeks of letting the animal get worse that they do anything about it.

I CAN never understand why they don't realise that if a dog is sick, suffers from a disordered inside, goes off its food for some considerable time, or otherwise appears out of sorts, that it is just as much to be pitied as they themselves in similar circumstances. It is not a piece of machinery, like a motor-car, which, incidentally, they would take care to have repaired at once.

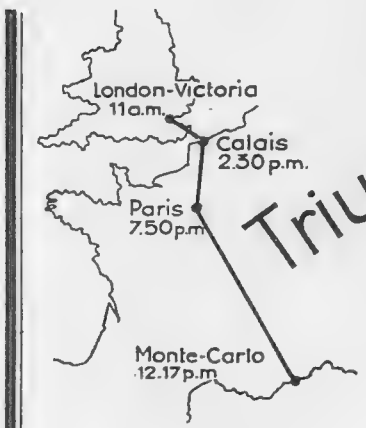
IGNORANCE is no excuse, because it is everybody's business who has a dog to learn something about it, so that he or she may be able to realise whether it needs medical attention. I do not mean that a dog should be coddled or dosed, but I do mean that its owner should be sufficiently intelligent to know when it is really out of sorts, and that he should not grudge calling in a veterinary surgeon. I wonder how many people know a dog's normal temperature, or realise that if it shows a disinclination for food, possibly something is wrong—that either it is under-exercised, over-fed, or else ill.

I CONSTANTLY get letters from people who tell me that their dog has been out of sorts for some weeks, shivering, running at the nose, and refusing all food. They say they have wormed it; they have given it condition powders, etc., but that it is no better. Of course it isn't; it is suffering from the results of neglected distemper, and no condition powder ever made would cure it. There are some excellent condition powders—Bob Martin's, for instance—but you must cure your dog of its disease first, and then build it up with a good condition powder afterwards.

To be ignorant is often the cause of grave cruelty.

Ready for the Judges

Mrs. E. G. Downes-Martin at Cruft's, with the two Samoyeds she was showing, Mustan Kassan and Snowene



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LEMON AID TO BEAUTY.

Two Creams which have an especially cleansing and whitening effect upon the skin.

By "Maquillage"

THE whitening and refining effect that lemons have upon the skin is well known, and many people use the fresh fruit after washing to remove stains and discoloration from the fingers and to keep the hands from becoming rough or coarse. But there would be obvious disadvantages in rubbing the face with a lemon, however beneficial it might prove to the complexion.

It is, therefore, of special interest to all those interested in beauty preparations which are founded on sound and proven principles, that the aromatic and active elements of fresh lemons have been incorporated scientifically with a toilet cream of exceptional purity, so that the whitening and vitalising properties of the fruit itself are combined with the emollient and nourishing ingredients of a good skin food, thus providing, in one preparation, for the several needs of the skin.

THE makers of the lemon face cream are Messrs. H. Bronnley and Co. Ltd., who have long been known for the purity of their celebrated lemon bath soaps. The creams are the result of careful chemical experiment and are guaranteed to contain only those ingredients recognised by dermatologists as beneficial to the skin in pure and unadulterated form. Bronnley's lemon cream does not promote the growth of hair.

THE lemon night cream should be used regularly before retiring. It is suave and soluble, and makes an ideal cleansing cream. After all dirt and cosmetics have been removed, it should be massaged well into the skin with firm but gentle upward strokes of the fingertips, and what is not absorbed should be removed with a soft towel or tissue.

After a short time it will be found that, the pores being thoroughly cleansed, the skin will be sensibly fairer and clearer, while its texture, owing to the tonic properties of the cream, will be finer and softer. At the same time, the cream which has been absorbed nourishes and stimulates underlying cells and tissues, helping to prevent wrinkling or flabbiness.

FOR those who use a vanishing cream as a base for powder, there is a complementary lemon day cream which contains all the essential elements of the night cream. Having tested Bronnley's Lemon Creams, I am of opinion that they do actually have a whitening and refining effect upon the complexion and, in addition, that they appear to fortify sensitive complexions against the assaults of wind and weather. The makers are so confident of the merits of the lemon creams that they ask their patrons to use them *critically* to assure themselves of their beneficial effect.

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100's BOXES 4/8d • FLAT TINS OF 50 2/6d

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the water in your morning bath penetrate the pores and re-invigorate relaxed muscles ..... add a little

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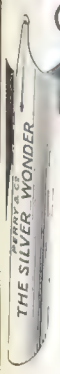

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ROAST GUINEA-FOWL
POMMES FRITES

***

GELÉE AUX ANANAS

***

CROÛTES AUX CHAMPIGNONS

***

CAFÉ DÉSERT

Crême de Tapioca

BOIL 1½ pints of white stock made from veal or chicken bones. When boiling, stir in 1 oz. of tapioca. Beat up two yolks of eggs with one gill of milk, strain the soup into it when it is just off boiling. Pour the soup back into the saucepan, place it on the gas or fire, and stir carefully until the eggs are cooked. Take care not to curdle the eggs. Serve with grated Parmesan cheese.

Soufflé de Poisson

TAKE ¾-lb. of uncooked filleted white fish, wipe it and chop it finely. Melt 2 oz. of butter in a saucepan, add 2 oz. of flour, and stir together, then add a teacupful of hot milk and cook until thick. Pound this mixture with two eggs and rub through a sieve. Season well, add half a gill of cream, and pour the mixture into a buttered soufflé-dish. The dish should have a four-fold band of paper, about three inches wide, tied round the outside of it, so that it is about two inches above the top. Steam till firm—about forty minutes. Turn out on a hot dish, coat it with a thick white sauce, and serve.

Roast Guinea-Fowl

PREPARE a guinea-fowl by larding it well. Roast carefully and baste plentifully, as it is by nature a very dry bird; dish up, garnished with water-cress, and serve with espagnole sauce made as follows. Fry together 1½ oz. of butter and the same of flour, a sliced onion, a sliced tomato and a small slice of lean ham, then add gradually ½-pint of brown stock. Boil all together for fifteen minutes, strain it, add a wineglassful of sherry, boil it up, and serve in a sauce-boat.

Gelée aux Ananas

CHOP a pineapple into small pieces, put it into a stewpan with its juice and some castor sugar, and cook gently for five minutes. Add a pint of lemon jelly and one tablespoonful of maraschino, and mix all well together. Let it stand for a few minutes, whisk into a stiff froth. When nearly set pour into a wet mould, and place on ice till required.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON FEBRUARY

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

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For. Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of.....of which I am a member.

The Editor's Box

Champagne Cocktails

Hosts and hostesses will be glad to hear that Messrs. Bollinger are selling their famous "Special Cuvée" in quarter-bottles. This is most helpful to the success of any cocktail party, for it enables a freshly-opened bottle of wine to be used—the essential note of that inspiring "booster," the champagne cocktail.

Bollinger's "Special Cuvée" is no stranger to any social function, and its continued popularity with the discriminating public is of many years' standing. During the past season, it has been in great demand at public and private receptions, balls, dinners, weddings, and similar gatherings. A dry champagne of rare delicacy and bouquet, connoisseurs consider it to be one of the best wines obtainable, whilst it has the recommendation of being available at a moderate price.

Bigger than Big Ben

Left: the "Bile Beans" clock on Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, is said to be the biggest in the Empire. Its electrical wiring alone is 99¼ miles long. Synchronised with Greenwich, it is one of the time-keeping landmarks of London

"The Bystander"

SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES

(1933)

At Royal Mid-Surrey

"The Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (9th year), at Royal Mid-Surrey, will be played, by kind invitation of the club, on the Men's and Ladies' Courses, on Friday, April 7th, 1933.
Holders: MRS. PERCY GARON and MRS. M. L. CLARKE.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30: play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will not be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play. Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts, if they will kindly notify Miss Helme.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9.0 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three and a half hours later than their first round. Play will be over 36 holes, eighteen holes on the Men's Course and eighteen on the Ladies' Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Thursday, March 30th, or earlier, if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor at latest on April 3rd.

The Directors of THE BYSTANDER reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of 36 holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Men's Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Ladies' Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of 36 holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the Men's Course and on the Ladies' Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tieing couples over the Men's Course; ties for the 18-hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tieing cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. **No card taken out in the second round can compete for an 18-hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first-round card.**

The Entry Form is below.

ROYAL MID-SURREY NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, March 30th, 1933.

"THE BYSTANDER" One Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (Ninth Year)

To be played at Royal Mid-Surrey, Friday, April 7th, 1933.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.*.....

To play in the above Foursomes at Royal Mid-Surrey with

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.*.....

Our opponents will be

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... and *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents.

If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the first round at.....*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about*.....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9.0 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

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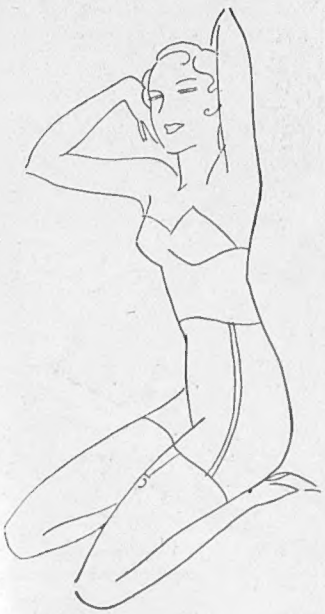

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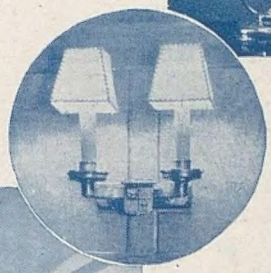

" One," said the American.

" I'm out ! "

" Up Twenty."

" Right in the face of a one card draw, eh ? I'll drop."

The Baroness had seen the young American glance at his fifth card for a split second. No one else had seen him. His expression was unchanged, a half-smile, confident. It was his turn now to bet.

" Well, I'll tell you. If the bottom card's a heart . . . I'm afraid I'll have to raise the limit. . . ."

What on earth was he doing ? His four cards were spades ! He was turning his hand, neatly packed, face-up so that only the bottom card was showing. It was a heart !

" A heart she is. Up a hundred ! "

Plop ! went three hands. The last one looked hard, considered, threw in his cards.

" I don't think you've got it, but in my day the definition of a good poker player was one who could be bluffed out."

* * * *

" They stood inches apart. Tony felt the sensuous effluvia of Laura's charm creeping over him like late shadows over a meadow. Without turning, and in a low voice, he murmured an answer to her question : " I'm in love with you ! "

A thrilling, gripping story — " FOUR FLUSHER," by Anatole Blair.

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